

Liberty

SEPT. 19, 1942 10¢



**I FIGHT WITH
THE COMMANDOS**
A Thrilling Personal Account
☆
**CAN WE AFFORD
TO DEPORT
HARRY BRIDGES?**
By John B. Hughes

"How I operated on the doctor for a dollar!"



1. "During the intermission at First Aid class I was arguing that all cigarettes aren't alike. I bet them I could pick my Raleighs just by looking at the color of the tobacco. Guess who took me up..."



2. "Our instructor—Doctor Dulcimer! He took my pack of Raleighs and some of the other brands the class smokes—covered the labels with surgical gauze—and showed me just the open ends of the packs."



3. "As you can see, the operation was successful. I picked out Raleighs and picked up a dollar! Try it on your friends. You can't lose! The secret is that Raleigh tobacco is more golden. You see it at once."

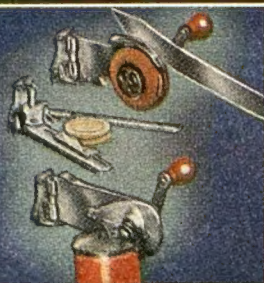


4. Golden color is the way to judge tobacco quality. At the great tobacco sales, the ripe, golden leaves bring top prices. That's the expert way to get a milder, tastier smoke. Try Raleighs.

Our exclusive new laminated moisture-proof paper keeps your cigarettes fresher than any other package on sale today.

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...baring a problem that confronts young people today!



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NOW**



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Says Sylvia of Hollywood

IF YOU are overweight, don't take drastic, harmful measures to lose ugly, cumbersome fat. But there is a way to reduce and reduce safely! That way is *The Common Sense Way*.

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LOSE UP TO 15 LBS. NEXT MONTH

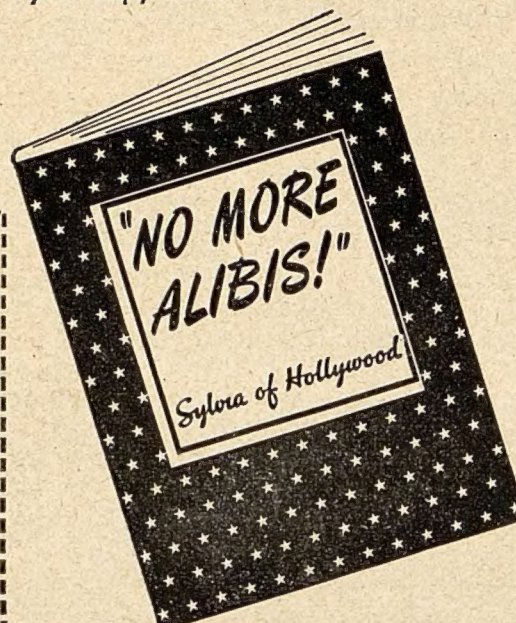
In this amazing book Sylvia tells you how to lose up to fifteen pounds next month—and lose them safely. You won't have a drawn, flabby face. You won't feel half starved and you won't feel weak. In ten days you'll have new life and vitality. You will see the texture and tone of your skin improve.

IF YOU'RE FAT IN SPOTS

In *No More Alibis* you'll learn how to make fat disappear from any part of your body. So, if you have any bumps and bulges, let Sylvia of Hollywood explain how to make those stubborn fat spots vanish in *double quick time*. Just picture how beautiful you would look if your hips were not so broad... if your legs were not so heavy... if your ankles were not so thick... if your weight were 20 to 30 pounds less! It's easy to see how beautiful you would be if you could change your figure faults. Well, *No More Alibis* tells you exactly how to do it.

WAS \$1.00
NOW ONLY 25c

This 139-page book formerly sold for \$1.00 in stiff-back binding. Now published in paper cover you get the identical information for only 25c—postpaid. Over 125,000 people have bought this book. Send for your copy TODAY.



LOOK AT THE WEALTH OF INFORMATION THIS BOOK GIVES YOU

WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED—Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips. Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat Pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing Off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce • REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC • GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH • IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs • PEOPLE WHO SIT ALL DAY—"Desk Chair Spread," Drooping Shoulders, Luncheon Warnings! • THE "IN-BETWEEN" FIGURE • KEEP THAT PERFECT FIGURE • CLOTHES TIPS FOR STRUCTURAL DEFECTS • A FIRM, LOVELY FACE • CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—Off with That Double Chin! Enlarging a Receding Chin. Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Smoothing Out a Thin, Crepey Neck, "Old Woman's Bump" • SKIN BEAUTY DIET AND ENERGY DIET • BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND FEET • ACQUIRE POISE AND GRACE—OVERCOME NERVOUSNESS • ADVICE FOR THE ADOLESCENT—To Mothers—To Girls • THE WOMAN PAST FORTY.

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BARTHOLOMEW HOUSE, INC. Dept. L 9-19
205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Send me postpaid a copy of *No More Alibis* by Sylvia of Hollywood. I enclose 25c.

Name
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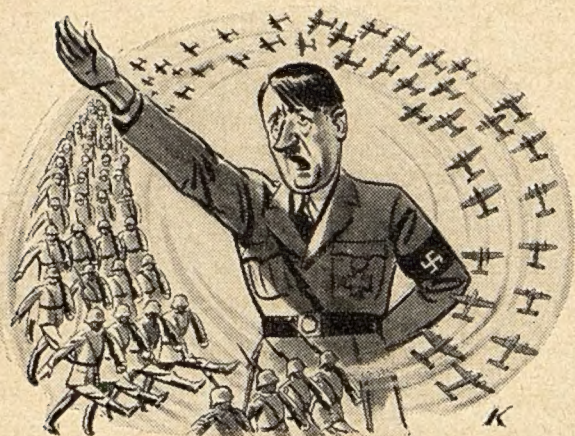
City State

NEXT WEEK

SEPTEMBER 26, 1942

SO YOU THINK HITLER HASN'T BLUNDERED?

Strategist and war-genius he may be, but Der Führer is guilty of five major mistakes that have made history. That



eminent military analyst, MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, lists them and writes revealingly about them in next week's issue. An article to hearten every enemy of the Axis—not wishful thinking, but statement of proved fact!

THE TOWN THAT WENT TO WAR

Stoneham, in Massachusetts, is setting the pace for the U. S. A. with a plan that is a step beyond anything else of which we've heard. BILL CUNNINGHAM calls it "maybe the greatest idea of the home front end of the war." What the people up there are doing is something the people of every town can do. Here is a news-story that may turn into a national movement.

A PICTURE, A MEDAL, AND A FUNNY LITTLE GIRL

weave themselves into one of the most charming bits of fiction Liberty has had. The little girl had left her father behind in tragic Manila. The picture and the medal, and a lovely red-haired lady, figure in a tale of wistful courage you won't soon forget. Watch for Medal for Bravery, by MABEL BROWN FARWELL.

AND: Other fine stories, the Liberty kind—of things as they are today. . . . An unusual sports article by FRANK GRAHAM, about the hearts and minds and devotion of a famous father-and-son pair of ball-players. . . . ALLAN NEVINS, Pulitzer prize-winning biographer and historian, continuing the Roosevelt series. . . . The rest of the Commando story which begins this week. . . . Features, pictures, fun. An issue you'll like!

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SEPTEMBER 19, 1942





WE, THE PEOPLE

Liberty
SEPT. 19, 1942

WE, TH

IN one of his early plays George M. Cohan had a great line. He came onto the stage from one side of the wings just as his stooge came out from the other side. The stooge suddenly looked up and said:

"Oh, hello! Is that you?"

And Cohan said, "No, this is *me*. That's you." And the audience got it with a bang.

Apparently, and quite strangely, the same thing seems to be happening now on our national stage. We, the People, have just come out of the wings. And our stooges, who have been trying to do our thinking for us, are suddenly remarking in a somewhat startled voice, "Oh, hello! Is that you?"

★ ★ ★

WE, the People, move fast when we do move. Faster now than ever before in history. Perhaps it is the more rapid system of communication that keeps us up to the minute, or perhaps it is the crisis which has put us on our toes.

But the fact remains that in the last seven months We, the People, have achieved "a more perfect Union" than this country has known in the last fifty years.

Less than four months ago nearly every headline in this country was about labor racketeers and business profiteers. Today those headlines are gone and two of the great forces in American life—management and labor—are doing their very utmost to bring about this more perfect union.

When the history of this period is written the outstanding event of this year of 1942 will not be the historic meeting of Churchill and Roosevelt which covered the front pages, but the almost unnoticed meeting of Eric Johnston—the young, new, liberal president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, representing the business interests of America—with William Green of the American Federation of Labor, and Philip Murray of the CIO, representing the labor interests of America.

That meeting, which hardly rated a subheadline on the front page, marked the beginning of a new history of America for years to come. Never

"Liberty is the paramount essential to human dignity and human happiness." BULWER-LYTTON

PEOPLE—THAT'S ME

fore in any of the records we can find had the recognized representatives of these two great forces ever sat down at the same table to consider not their factional interests—but their *mutual* interests.

Ladies and gentlemen, that's going places. That's the stuff that children now unborn will one day read about in their dog-eared books.

★ ★ ★

On this page last week, in our "United America" issue, we said that this country was celebrating the greatest Labor Day in its history—a Labor Day which was giving at least some promise of ending the age-old struggle between management and worker. We said that every one had the right to march in that parade because this was the nation of workers, and this was the working man of our nation's existence.

We were not merely writing optimistically when we said that. At that time, well in advance of the publication date, the two great labor leaders, Green and Murray, were in constant conference in Chicago, trying in every way possible to make that labor did not commit the same mistakes during the next twenty-five years that business had been making during the past twenty-five years.

And while that conference was going on, Winston was meeting with the business leaders of America, trying to see if management during the next twenty-five years could not wipe out the mistakes that so many business leaders have been making during the past twenty-five years.

★ ★ ★

In one of our previous editorials we had made the distinction between business as a producer and labor as a consumer. Immediately we got a protest—a very justifiable protest—from one of the greatest labor leaders in this country.

"You must never make that distinction again," he said. "Labor is not merely the great consumer of America. Labor is the great producer of America as well. Labor and management, producer and consumer—from here out we all go together."

And this came, not from any member of business management who might want to placate the other side, not from any economist with a utopian dream, but from a great leader in the ranks of labor who had always recognized two sides to this question, and who had never before failed to fight on his side alone.

"From now on, there must be no division," he said, "no distinction between the rights of either side. Because from now on the interests of both sides are the same."

Around Capitol Hill in Washington there has seemed recently to be a distinct let-up on the part of the lobbyists who, for a year, had been so vigorous in promoting the interests of the "farm bloc." This let-up was so marked as to cause comment. It seemed to come not so much from the lethargy of summer as from an inspiration from the folks at home. Apparently the farmer no longer cared to consider himself as part of a group, separate from the rest of America.

★ ★ ★

WE, the People, are suddenly saying to ourselves, "Why, that's me!"

We have emerged from the wings. We are in the center of the stage and the limelight is upon us. It is true we are coming to election time. But if Congress only knew how little we are concerned with that election, Congress itself would be much more concerned about its own re-election than it has ever been before.

We, the People, are concerned with *America*. We are concerned with these our United States. We are concerned with what is happening to us and our children and our homes. We are not concerned with whether we have jobs or haven't jobs, with whether we have businesses or are out of business. We *are* concerned with our future. And we know that the only possibility of insuring our future is through the unity of our forces, *the unity of all our forces at the present time*.

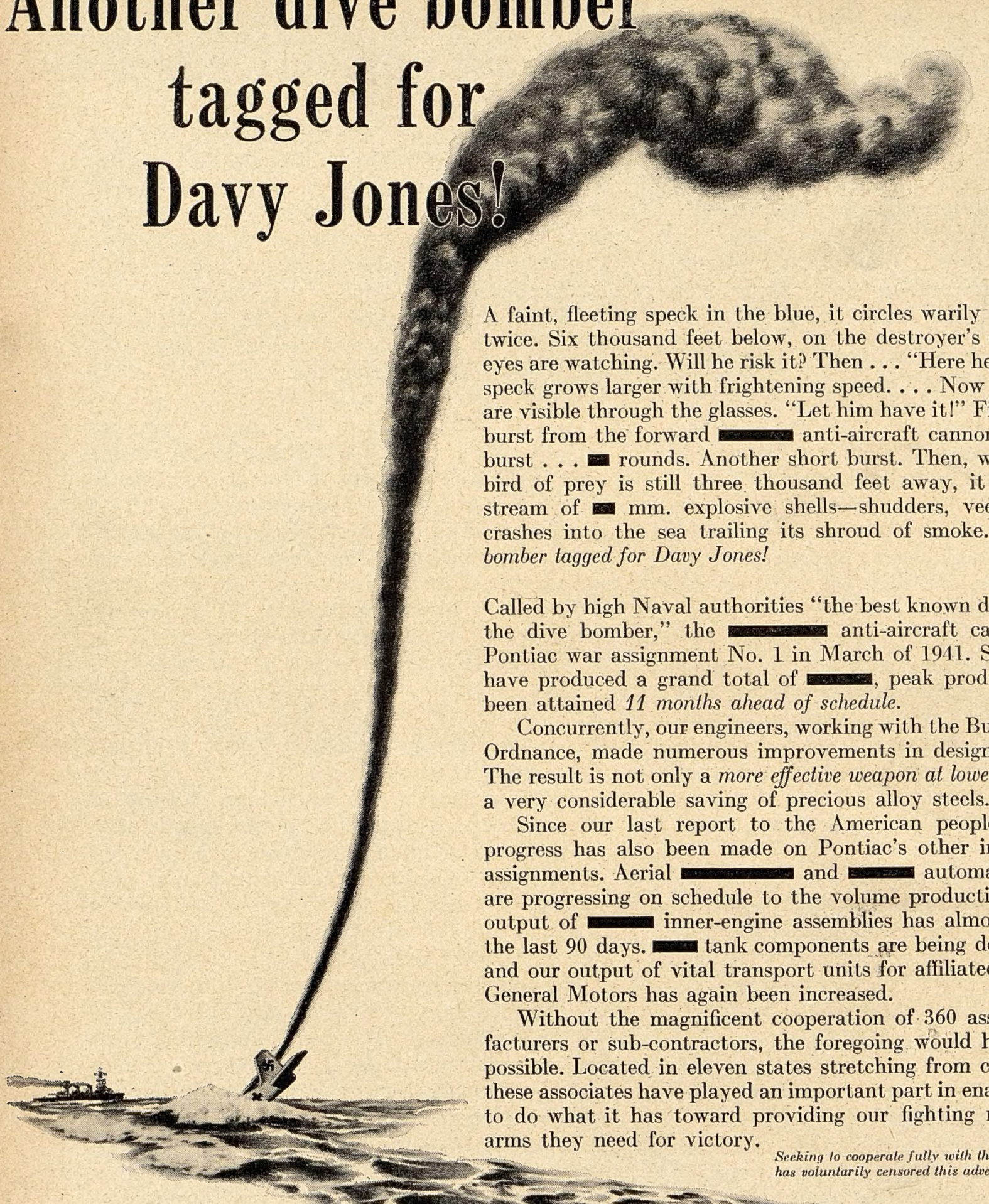
From now on, don't let anybody become confused as to who is who. A hundred and thirty million of us are now answering, individually and collectively, "This is me. That's you. And what are *you* doing to help us win this war?"

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR IN CHIEF • SHEPPARD BUTLER, EDITOR • ALFRED C. STRASSER, ART EDITOR

LEE PASQUIN, MANAGING EDITOR • ARTHUR SHERRILL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR • ALICE THOMPSON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR • BILL CUNNINGHAM, SPORTS EDITOR

WALTER KARIG, Washington • ROBERT LOW, War • MORRIS MARKEY, Current Events • GERALD MYGATT, Special Features • FREDERICK L. COLLINS, Special Features

Another dive bomber tagged for Davy Jones!



A faint, fleeting speck in the blue, it circles warily . . . once . . . twice. Six thousand feet below, on the destroyer's deck, hopeful eyes are watching. Will he risk it? Then . . . "Here he comes!" The speck grows larger with frightening speed. . . . Now the swastikas are visible through the glasses. "Let him have it!" First an aiming burst from the forward **anti-aircraft** cannon—a 3-second burst . . . **rounds**. Another short burst. Then, while the Nazi bird of prey is still three thousand feet away, it encounters a stream of **mm.** explosive shells—shudders, veers, and then crashes into the sea trailing its shroud of smoke. *Another dive bomber tagged for Davy Jones!*

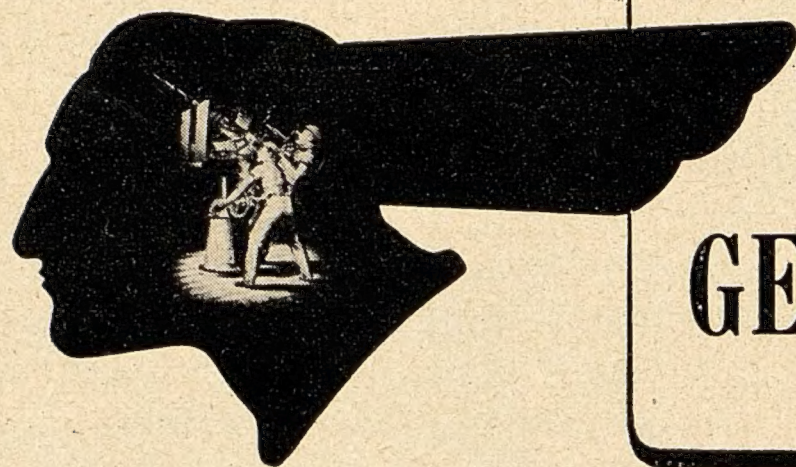
Called by high Naval authorities "the best known defense against the dive bomber," the **anti-aircraft** cannon became Pontiac war assignment No. 1 in March of 1941. Since then, we have produced a grand total of **,** peak production having been attained *11 months ahead of schedule*.

Concurrently, our engineers, working with the Bureau of Naval Ordnance, made numerous improvements in design and process. The result is not only a *more effective weapon at lower cost* but also a very considerable saving of precious alloy steels.

Since our last report to the American people, substantial progress has also been made on Pontiac's other important war assignments. Aerial **and** **automatic** field guns are progressing on schedule to the volume production stage. Our output of **inner-engine** assemblies has almost doubled in the last 90 days. **tank** components are being delivered daily, and our output of vital transport units for affiliated Divisions of General Motors has again been increased.

Without the magnificent cooperation of 360 associate manufacturers or sub-contractors, the foregoing would have been impossible. Located in eleven states stretching from coast to coast, these associates have played an important part in enabling Pontiac to do what it has toward providing our fighting men with the arms they need for victory.

Seeking to cooperate fully with the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.



PONTIAC 
DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS

I FIGHT WITH THE COMMANDOS

BY ONE OF THEM

as told to ALAN HYND



Admiral Sir Roger Keyes,
originator of Commandos.

**A Liberty exclusive! . . . Beginning a
thrilling first-hand account of the
war's strangest kind of adventure**

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE name of the man who tells this story is known to the editors of Liberty, though it must remain a military secret. He was one of the first British soldiers to volunteer when Admiral Sir Roger Keyes organized the special service squads that were to become known to all the world as the Commandos.

THE January night was moonless, and we knew that nobody on shore could see our camouflaged destroyer as it dropped anchor off the Lofoten Islands, up near the Arctic Circle. We assembled on deck in the freezing darkness, and the commanding officer spoke to us briefly to make certain that we all knew exactly what to do. One of the blokes didn't have enough burnt cork on his face, and

the C. O. told him to put more on. The eyes of the Hun sentries on shore, accustomed to the darkness, might well detect a face that wasn't as black as the night.

There was a wind blowing, but even if there had been no wind you wouldn't have heard a sound as we walked briskly down the deck in our rubber-soled shoes, like a blind man who knows his way around a room, and descended the ladder to the flat-bottomed boats that were to take us ashore. It was about three in the morning.

Most of us had never set foot on Norwegian soil before, yet we knew more about the particular island we

were going to land on than did most of the inhabitants. For weeks we had been studying scale models of the island. Royal Air Force photographers had flown over it, and from the pictures they had obtained the office of the Chief of Combined Operations in London had produced models, some of them as large as a small room. These models gave every detail of the contour and topography of the shore, reproduced every street and building in the principal village of the island—our objective for this night—and even showed us, by black threads strung from miniature telephone poles to the toy houses, where the telephones were. British Intelligence had supplied us with information as to where the sentries were stationed, and where the German commanding officer, who was running the island with a hundred soldiers and a handful of Quislings, lived. The stunt this night was to get that C. O. and all his papers and take him back to England alive. If the stunt was successful, information of vital military importance would be obtained.

The silent boats drew close to the short line in twenty-five minutes, the allotted time. Because we were pumped full of vitamins that made our eyesight very good, we could clearly see the high rocky outline of the island against the dark sky. I recognized the jagged landmark I was to make for because it looked exactly as it had looked in the scale model, only larger.

WE got out of the boats a little distance from shore and waded. The wind had died down and we had to be very careful not to make any splashing sounds. One hour and fifteen minutes was the time allotted to us. The boats were to leave the island right on the dot, before favorable currents changed, and if we weren't back to catch them they would leave without us. We carried radium-dial watches, but not on our wrists. With a few silent handclaps in the darkness, we split up, each of us to go about his particular business. How many of us there were is a military secret.

My business was to kill three men and then take over the central telephone exchange in the city hall until it was time to wreck it. There was to be no shooting on this stunt; the plans didn't call for any.

I crept up a rocky slope where I knew I would find a sentry on the ledge at the top. The grade was steep, but I had no trouble, for I had practiced the ascent numerous times on the coast of Scotland, where Number Three Commando scouts had located a stretch of shore line quite similar to that of this Lofoten island.

I had one great fear. I was afraid I would cough. I had caught a cold a couple of weeks before, and the C. O. had told me that if I didn't get rid of the cold I couldn't go on the raid. This was to be my first raid, so I had doctored the cold and cured it. But now, as I was making my way up



In a daylight Commando raid—like the one on German-occupied Maaloy in which the soldier who tells this story took part—the raiders come ashore this way.

the slope, I felt a ticklish sensation in my throat. Whatever personal danger I might put myself in wasn't the big thing. The big thing was that if any one of us didn't carry out his job to perfection the success of the whole operation would be placed in jeopardy. This sentry I was to get, for example, might shout an alarm unless I liquidated him strictly according to plan, which was to come up behind him, place my left hand over his mouth, and cut his throat with a knife in my right hand. If he managed to yell, the whole shore line would presently be alive with Huns. Worse yet, searchlights would show up our waiting boats and concealed machine guns would cut us down before we could get to them.

When I got almost to the top of the slope I saw the sentry in silhouette. Like a good Hun, he was obeying orders mechanically, walking slowly up and down like a mechanical man. I brought out my Fanny, which is what we call our specially made seven-inch steel knife that has brass knuckles for a handle. I could hardly hear the Hun walking, which indicated to me that the stretch where he was doing his sentry duty was solid rock with no pebbles underfoot. The scale model had indicated the same thing. That was going to make it easy. When I all but reached the ledge at the top of the slope, I would just lie still on my stomach until he had his back to me.

He was walking toward me when I neared the top. I waited. There wasn't anything about me that might show in the darkness except the whites of my eyes, so I closed them and lay flat. I could hear his footsteps coming closer. I felt perfectly safe; I didn't

think he would spot me. The tickling in my throat was getting worse; it was all I could do to keep from coughing. My sleeves had got wet during the wade in from the boats. Silently I sucked some water from my left sleeve, and that ended the tickling.

Now I heard the footsteps stop. For a brief moment I wondered if the Hun had spotted me. I didn't dare move. He was so close I could have reached up and touched him. Then the footfalls started again. He was going away. I opened my eyes. I couldn't see the white of his face, so I was certain that he was walking with his back to me. I made the ledge in silence, and then tiptoed toward him. I had practiced this killing business on a strong man and with a dummy Fanny many times. I wondered if it would work out as well in reality.

It did.

MY second sentry, I knew, I would find outside the city hall, about a ten-minute walk from where I was. I made my way through streets that I had become familiar with in the scale models. It was just like coming back to a town you had once known well but had been away from for years. I saw another silent figure pass right by me at one point, and he probably saw me, too. But I had expected to see him. He was a member of the Commando, and it had been his job to liquidate a sentry not far from the one I had been assigned to, and I knew he had business now in this part of the village. All of us knew where everybody else would be at a given time. Commando training teaches you split-second timing.

As I approached the city hall I

grabbed the Fanny again. Then I heard an automobile roaring through the deserted streets. I looked behind me and saw it. Its headlights were full on and its klaxon was sounding. Our men were in it. They were on their way to the home of the German commanding officer on the outskirts of the village. You might think that was a strange sort of way to approach a place where some one was to be taken by surprise. Yet if that automobile had not roared through the streets just about then, the Hun soldiers in the town would have become suspicious. It was the car of the officer second in command of the island—an officer whom our men had just liquidated—and the Intelligence had informed us that it was his habit to ride around at nights, sounding his klaxon and waking up everybody to show his importance, and popping in unexpectedly at the homes of the villagers, to see by the appearance of their eyes if they had been asleep and were properly subdued to the New Order.

It was known, too, that the self-important second in command frequently called at the residence of the C. O., which was heavily guarded, and that the C. O. had a habit of working through the night until daylight, then sleeping until noon.

I found my sentry easily at the city hall, and Fanny was put to good use again. I had killed twice, this night, within fifteen minutes. I do not consider myself an unkind person, but I must confess that I had no twinge of conscience as I crept behind those two Huns like a thief in the night, and almost cut their heads off. No—not after what I had seen at Dunkirk.

I went through the pockets of my second sentry and found a key which let me into the city hall, a small one-story building. Then I waited in the vestibule. Another bloke was to meet me there—one who had been assigned to the liquidation of three sentries, and who, because he spoke German, was to take over the telephone switchboard until it was time to wreck it. In that way we would be able to tell whether any of the Huns had got on to what was happening and if they were attempting to get a telephone alarm out. The plan was to wait until

the last minute to wreck the exchange, for if any Hun should try to put through an ordinary call and couldn't raise the exchange, he'd suspect something was up. If any one requested a connection, our man was to tell him the line was busy.

The man who was to meet me showed up right on schedule. Together we went to the door of the room where we knew the switchboard operator was. This man, Intelligence had informed us, was a German officer who was a crack shot.

I tried the door of the room and it was locked. I felt of it and decided just about what it would take to crash it. Figuring out how strong a door is is part of Commando training. When I had made my calculations, I stepped back, got out my Fanny, and then lunged for the door, striking it with my left shoulder. It gave way more easily than I had thought it would, and the result was that when I banged into the room I almost lost my balance.

BUT the officer at the switchboard was taken by surprise, and a Hun usually isn't at his best when something happens that isn't on a timetable. He just sat there with a blank expression on his face as I made for him. He didn't make a move for his holster or for the switchboard through which he might have given the alarm. I just grabbed him and gave him a little of the medicine that the Huns had prescribed in Poland, and our German-speaking man took over the switchboard.

I rolled the officer over into a corner, took a chair, and had a cigarette. We had been there about five minutes when a light showed on the switchboard, indicating that a phone receiver was off somewhere in the village. The marking above the light showed that the phone was the one in the C. O.'s residence. We had a bad moment or two. We wondered if something had gone wrong, if this was the C. O. himself on the phone. Even though he couldn't now get a connection, he might be able to give an alarm that would be sufficient to swing the shore searchlights and machine-gun nests into action.

Our man at the board answered

the call in German, but in a prearranged manner that would be a tip-off as to his identity in case it was one of our men on the wire at the C. O.'s place. The Commando thinks of everything in advance. It turned out to be one of our men. "Hello there," he said. "Well, we've got him."

It was perfectly safe to talk. The C. O. had a private line and nobody could listen in. "What happened?" asked the soldier at the board.

"The old boy knocked the phone over before we could grab him," came the answer. "Nice work, your being there to get his call." You can imagine what would have happened had either of us two been delayed in getting to the city hall and taking over the board.

Allowing myself just time enough to get back to my boat, I put the switchboard out of commission. I made the boat in good time, and half an hour later the destroyer was taking us back to the British Isles. On the return voyage I got the story of what had happened at the residence of the bull-necked Hun C. O. who was now among us. His sentries had stood at attention when the car with our men had roared up to a stop. Our men had got out and liquidated the sentries in short and silent order. Then they had rung the front doorbell. They had taken care of the servant who answered it, after first ascertaining in which room the C. O. was working.

Then they had knocked on the C. O.'s door. He had sputtered an impatient "Come in!"—no doubt thinking that his second in command was calling. And that's about all there had been to it. He had been securely bound and gagged, then carted, with all his important confidential papers, right off the island.

That, then, is the story of my first Commando raid, in January, 1941. More were to come, and I want to tell the readers of Liberty about another raid in particular, and something about the Commandos. Every member of a Commando unit has a background and training that are regarded as making him specially qualified. I want to tell you a little about my own background and training—not that I am important, but because I think it will help in showing you the Com-



"We are taught to swim—swim silently—with full equipment." Here are two trainees doing so. It takes strength



Even more strength is called for when a Commando unit's soldiers, carrying their full kits, race up a steep hill.



A Commando member sheathes his "Fanny"—a special knife with brass knuckles for a hilt.

mando members as the hard-working, painstaking human beings we really are, rather than as carbon copies of supermen, an impression we all heartily dislike.

IT was Dunkirk, I suppose, that caused me to try for the Commandos. I really got my lumps there. The Northamptonshire Regiment was evacuating toward the Channel and home. Stuka dive bombers had other ideas than we did. The Jerries were dropping everything they had on us as we headed west. I'd stop every once in a while to stoop and look at one of our blokes who had fallen. Then I'd go on again, for you can't help a dead man.

We stopped in one place and dug in to try and hold on for a few hours until more men could be taken from the blood-drenched beaches of Dunkirk onto the boats. A Jerry roared low over us and emptied his machine gun. An officer—a fine gentleman I greatly respected—got it in the leg. He was a couple of hundred yards away, and I started back for him. I was out in the open and the Jerry saw me. He came back. He had reloaded and he opened up. I thought, To hell with him! I figured he wasn't a good enough shot to pick off a loner. I was so mad I didn't even look up.

As it turned out, I was right. None of his stuff came within ten yards of me. My officer was in a bad way from loss of blood. I made a tourniquet from my shirttail and hoisted him over my shoulder. You'd think even a Hun would let a bloke and his superior alone at a time like that. But not this devil. He reloaded and came back again. "It's all right, sir," I told the officer. "We're perfectly safe. Those machine gunners are only good for hitting fish in barrels." The Hun missed again, and I began to have



The finale of a raid on the Lofotens in which oil plants were destroyed. The barge is crowded with Commando raiders and young Norwegian volunteers bound for Britain.

fun when I thought how sore he must be. But I never forgot that incident. I remembered it very well on my first visit to the Lofoten Islands.

Next day I was on a D-36 mine layer off Dunkirk. It was filled with Tommies from stem to stern and we were all ready to shove off. The R. A. F. had put up an umbrella for us over the Channel, but there were holes in it and the Huns were quick to find them. I was standing just below the bridge, looking up at a dogfight and minding my own business. Pretty soon a Jerry broke out in flames and went into the Channel about five hundred yards from where I was standing. It was the prettiest sight I had seen in seven years in the army. No sooner had the one Hun come down than another dogfight started right over my head. I looked at it for a while until my neck grew tired. Anyway, when you've seen one dogfight you've seen them all.

I fell to wondering about five of my seven brothers. They were in the army, too, but I hadn't heard from any of them in months. Neither had either of my two sisters, who were working in munitions factories in England. One thing, though, I was certain of. My brothers, if they were alive, would probably feel, as I did, that at least war was not as monotonous as working in the coal pits of Wales. My father had been born and had worked and died in the How Green Was My Valley country, and as soon as my brothers and myself had been old enough to swing a pick we'd had to go down into the pits, too.

My thoughts about my kin and my past were interrupted by the sound of a plane coming down close. I looked over my right shoulder, and there was a Stuka diving right for the bridge. Those Stukas were as good marksmen as the machine gunners were bad. I don't know just what happened in the split second or two before the blast went off. I know I was knocked down, and when I picked myself up the bridge was gone, the deck was in flames, and there were a lot of arms and legs and heads and smaller pieces of British Tommies all around me.

Some other blokes and myself looked around us. It was a strange thing. The bomb had hit smack on the bridge. The men who had been there had been blown to pieces, but

nobody else had been hurt very much. The deck started getting hotter. I knew that this D-36 was a goner. There seemed to be nothing useful to do, so I dived overboard. The water felt very clean and fresh, since I hadn't had a bath in a fortnight—and then in water five other men had used first—and I was getting along just fine, swimming toward the cruiser *Ivanhoe*, a couple of hundred yards away, when a Jerry got through the R. A. F. umbrella and let go with an aerial torpedo.

IT dropped between the shattered mine sweeper I had just left and the *Ivanhoe*. It couldn't have been much closer to me without hitting me, for it all but blew me right out of the Channel. My mother was Irish, and her blood in me began to boil over. I wasn't afraid of dying. You get to be on pretty friendly terms with death in places like Dunkirk and around the coal pits of Wales. What made me mad was that for more than a day now the damned Jerries had seemingly singled me out for special treatment. It wasn't that getting back to England was too important, either. I only wanted to get back there so that I could perhaps get myself transferred to some outfit that was going to be equipped to come back *here* again.

I made the *Ivanhoe* in fine shape and had a cup of tea. The sky was now so thick with planes on both sides that you could see only little patches of blue. The *Ivanhoe* was just about to shove off, and things were looking up a bit, when along came an aerial torpedo that made a direct hit on our cruiser. It was more of the same thing that had happened not twenty minutes before on the mine sweeper, and I can tell you I was getting good and tired of it, especially since I couldn't pitch in and do anything.

I dived into the Channel again. Another bloke jumped off, and we landed within a few yards of each other. He gave me a silly sort of a smile, then he went under. I went down and looked around for him but couldn't find him. Then I felt something gripping my ankles, and I started to go down for fair. I had a rough several seconds, for my wind had been almost at its end when this bloke grabbed me.

I managed to double up and break his grip, and I dragged him to the sur-



An object lesson in Commando tactics. Face blackened, steel helmet camouflaged, "Fanny" knife handy, he creeps up on the Hun, his prey.



This is Standsund in the Lofotens, with the oil burning on the water after the tanks were set ablaze by the victorious Commando raiders.

face. He was gone, poor chap, from a piece of something that had made a hole in his neck, so I let him go.

They were signaling to us in the water from H. M. S. Crivey, so we struck out that way. As we got closer to the Crivey we ran into a bottleneck, for soldiers from other boats that had been hit were making for her, too. The surface of the water was thick with faces. There were smiles on some, anger and blood on others. A few of those with blood on them disappeared. We were pretty close to the Crivey when a Jerry machine gunner came through the umbrella and let go at the faces in the water. I don't know how many disappeared then. That's something else I was never to forget on my little visits to Norway.

I had another cup of tea on the Crivey. In a few minutes we were on our way to England.

It wasn't long after my return from Dunkirk that I heard that Sir Roger Keyes, the great naval hero of the last war, was organizing special service squads to harry the Germans by butcher-and-bolt raids across the Channel, up in Norway, in the Mediterranean, and in Libya. The underlying idea was that, while Great Britain was not ready for a full-scale invasion, picked men, highly trained, could secure valuable information, damage important installations, and force the Germans to divert troops from the battle fronts.

I was all for doing anything that would give me an early crack at the Germans. So I volunteered.

I was accepted—on the condition that I pass all the tests given to me in about six months of training. I was told that the tests would be severe. That was all right. I'd had a coal-pit raising and been through Dunkirk.

EACH Commando unit is something like a large family. A central headquarters co-ordinates the policy and training of all units without in any way interfering with the C. O. of any particular group. Each unit is free to train in whatever manner the C. O. considers best suited to the personnel. The various units are judged not on their methods but on results.

Although all Commando soldiers are drawn from the regular army, they are neither fed nor billeted by

the army. There is a minimum allowance of six shillings and eightpence a day, or about a dollar and a half, for food and lodging. It is up to us to get ourselves rooms in whatever town or village we happen to be in, and to get our own meals. When we are off on a stunt, as we call a raid, we are supplied with special rations by the government and our allowance is withdrawn for the duration of the raid.

The impression has got around that members of Commando units are hell-raisers. That just isn't so. Any ferocity in our natures is carefully saved up for the time when we are in enemy territory. When we are on English soil, we go about our training and our planning during the day, and at nights you'll find us usually sitting around the parlors in quiet boardinghouses, reading or talking with the other guests.

Commando training, to be sure, has to be rigid. The first thing that happened to me when I went into training was that I was taken up to Scotland and marched over rough roads for ninety miles in two days, carrying between fifty and sixty pounds on me. Full equipment of a Commando soldier weighs that much. It includes rations, extra clothing, firearms and grenades, a tripod for a Bren gun, extra ammunition, cooking utensils, and so on. Commando soldiers have to get used to carrying all this weight. When we're practicing scaling a slope in Scotland, say, and don't happen to have our full equipment handy, the weight is made up with stones.

What we call speed marching is about the finest thing we have to keep us in top-notch physical condition. On speed marching we average seven miles an hour over long distances. Often at the close of a day's duty we will be told to meet at seven o'clock in the morning in a town twenty or twenty-five miles away. It is up to us to get there whether there is transportation or not, and to find out for ourselves if there is.

Physical combat is naturally near the top of the list in the Commando course of training. Everything except Marquis of Queensberry rules is taught. If a Commando member isn't capable of overpowering three ordinary men, he just won't do.

We are taught to swim—and swim silently—with full equipment, which is protected from the water by special secret means. We are tested to make sure we can spot a face or a hand fifteen to twenty feet away on a pitch-black night. Another night test requires us to make our way through barbed-wire entanglements without being detected by men who are stationed at the ends of them with listening devices.

THE Commando training instructs us in the use of all sorts of explosives. We must be able to use all types of firearms expertly, including anti-aircraft weapons which we carry with us. We must be able to pass an arduous twenty-four hours on a quarter of a pound of oats, nine lumps of sugar, an ounce of tea, a few biscuits, and a bar of chocolate. We are even taught how to capture a railroad train, operate it, and wreck it when we are through with it.

When the weather is bitter, we wear leather jerkins over woolen sweaters; coats that come to the knees would hamper movement. When we're out on a night stunt, we always turn our jerkins inside out, for if the leather part got wet it might give off a betraying reflection. Around our waists we wear what we call toggle-and-eye ropes. These are useful when we have to cross streams; they are part of one long human rope then. We must learn Morse code and how to assemble and operate radio-transmission sets. We must also acquire a knowledge of common German phrases. It's funny sometimes to hear a group of men born and reared in England talking nothing but German to each other just to sharpen their knowledge.

Because Commandos spend so much time on seacraft, we are taught nautical rudiments and how to take orders from naval officers. There is no ban on smoking or drinking. It's perfectly all right for a man to be seen in a pub when he's off duty. But if he should drink too much, his C. O. would hand him the thing he fears most—an "R. T. U." Those initials mean Returned to Unit—the unit of the army from which he came to the Commandos. There hasn't been any pub drinking to speak of, because the men are all too happy to be in work that

(Continued on page 44)

Voices

TO REMEMBER



The song faded. It was over. "Tom," the major was whispering, "have you been listening?"

The story of a miracle by radio . . . A stirring, memorable tale of a hero at grips with death and a love that reached across half the world

BY FRANCIS WALLACE

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

IN all the story of radio, of medicine and war, there had been no situation quite like this.

In a makeshift hospital in the Orient an American boy had lain for a week in a coma. Medicine had done all that it could. Had he been at home, the doctors would have called in those who loved him, hopeful that some emotional tumult might rouse him to the effort of living. But home was five thousand miles away—and with the flaming wall of war between, it might as well have been a million miles.

Had he been an ordinary man, an ordinary soldier, in this core of war's inferno, he probably would have died. But Tommy Griffin had flown the flight of heroes in blood and sunlight overhead. On his breast was a decoration pinned by General MacArthur. He was more than just another soldier, more than just another hero. His fellows would not let him die—and out of their mass determination came the thought which might save him.

Somebody remembered that at home he had been associated with an employee family radio program which had become the established phenomenon of the air waves. By day they worked to fashion the tools of war; but every Sunday afternoon they held their own with the best of the professionals on a coast-to-coast hook-up. Since the war they had been broadcast to the armed forces, and cited by the Treasury Department for a unique contribution to national morale—a message of faith and hope to the men who fought from the men who worked—and the women too.

Tommy Griffin packed his little radio half across the world, and for thirty minutes each week he was back home in the control room, coaching, praising, criticizing. They brought him joy and pain and smiles and sometimes happy tears. After each broadcast he wrote them long letters. Sometimes they sent him *messages*—that was what some one had remembered.

Through the miracle of radio another miracle was to be attempted. Tommy Griffin's family, his friends and fellow workmen, could not come through the wall of war into his room—but their *voices* could, and their voices were going to try to sing him back to life with the songs he might best remember.

Much of America was listening, and those of the armed forces throughout the world who were not otherwise engaged on this Sunday afternoon. The Steelcasters could sing and the world could listen, but none could really know whether the still figure on the bed in the hospital room could hear. Not even those in the room with him,

the officers and doctors, could know unless he made some sign.

The program began with the familiar signature of the hoarse mill whistle; continued with the patriotic theme by the orchestra and chorus; introduced as master of ceremonies the anonymous workman known as the Old-Timer, whose voice, honest, hearty, and humorous, came into the kitchens of the little people every week and talked to each of them as one American to another.

The doctors watched the patient, lifted the lids of his eyes, felt his pulse, listened to his heart, made other tests. Then they shook their heads. There had been nothing to indicate that anything thus far had come through to his awareness.

The first attack had failed.

BUT it had not failed.

This, Tommy Griffin was thinking, was part of the dream he'd been having—but a nicer part, a welcome change, a fine relief—like waking on a calm bright sea after a night of tossing storm.

Now there was no pain, no movement. He was bound to himself. He could not hear his heart nor feel it. Of course, he should be dead. Perhaps this was part of *that*—no pain and this old familiar music. That he should be hearing the Old-Timer's voice—that would be part of it. And the quartet:

“ . . . that Old Gang of Mine
 . . . and the old quartet
 That sang Sweet Adeline . . . ”

Tommy would have smiled if he could have smiled. This was a well ordered dream. Duck had missed that minor again, as he had always missed it. He had been missing it so long that the others had learned to cover him up. It was Duck's bass he could hear all the way through, and that was as it should be, too, in such a dream, for Duck was his youngest and his oldest friend. They had gone to school together, fought together, put on shows together from the time they had the shanty under the old Stone Bridge. When school days were over they had started the Oratorical Society, which the Old-Timer had always called the Matrimonial Society because so many matches were made among its members. That was what had finally happened to Duck.

But not to Tommy. Virginia was a kid in pigtails and Tommy hadn't seen her yet; but while he was waiting there were other things. He worked in the machine shop with his father, but the only real interest he had ever shown in machines was when an itinerant flyer came to town and turned the old cornfield into an air-

port. Tommy learned to fly the old bucket, but that worried his mother, so he gave it up and organized an orchestra. After that he worked winters in the machine shop, played for dances in the evenings—and when summer came he went out with a traveling orchestra. It was fun and he loved it. But finally his parents said it was time he settled down at one thing or the other. His mother was all for the machine shop, and his father pretended to feel that way too; but Tommy knew how his father really felt. The old man should have been an actor. . . .

What were these whisperings? “Get away from that mike!” Tommy would have cried out if he could have cried out. “Those whispers are coming through—”

The whispers stopped.

Now the band was coming through. Uh-oh, Danny was slipping in some of his hot licks again—“Groove it, Danny, groove it—you're not quite a Dorsey yet—”

Tommy would have chuckled.

Now he *knew* it was a dream.

The band was playing Remember, the *old* theme song.

Remember? Sure.

The family conference. Mother for the machine shop, *father* really for the orchestra—so Tommy had compromised and done both. The program was a simple scheme, just an extension of the old Oratorical Society on the air. Just a little employee family idea on the local station. The town had laughed at first—but that had never stopped amateurs. The auditions had been a lot of work, but a lot of fun. Finally they were all set except for a girl singer.

Then Tommy had looked up one night, and there she was. Later, some reporter had written it was love at first sight.

Oh, yeah?

Tommy had smiled—but Virginia had been positively hostile. That had annoyed him and he decided she wouldn't do. Then she had started to sing. The applause said that she was the people's choice. She could have used training—still could use it; but the lack of it left her a certain style, a tonal quality, that was different; and deep *feeling*. Tommy couldn't have rejected her had he wanted to; but he didn't want to. She was very pretty and very cute. She did things to him with her voice and her eyes.

BUT Tommy hadn't done anything to her. She let him know plainly that this was going to be strictly business and he needn't get any ideas. So he had let her know that would be perfectly O. K. with him. Girls had never been any problem in his life. She wouldn't be any problem, either—or so he had thought then.

They were polite, then casual, after a while even friendly. But the coolness just wouldn't break, long after they were sure how they really felt about each other, long after he knew and she knew and everybody around

(Continued from page 39)

Liberty's news map—Will something you see in these pages turn the tide of war?

Analysis by **LEONARD ENGEL**

Map by **A. LEIDENFROST**

ALTHOUGH the advocates of air power have raised the cry that bombs alone can cripple our most dangerous enemy, the Nazi Reich, no major war was ever won by a single weapon. To crush Germany, we and the British must invade Europe by land, sea, and air. Sooner or later—perhaps this year—we will.

If this is the year, this is the month. Because of the short battle radius (100 to 150 miles) of most fighter planes, when we go over the top it must be to the north coast of France, or, less likely, Belgium or southern Holland. The weather along that coast in September is better for the air phases of invasion than it will be again this year. Clouds now cover 60 to 70 per cent of the sky in the districts that count. Fifty per cent cloud would be better, but northern French skies will not be that blue until late spring. From October on, northern France becomes too cloudy for effective bombing.

Even if it should not take place in 1942, the invasion might be made along the Channel coast and resemble that shown on the map. Landing on a well defended shore is one of the most difficult operations in the art of war. Detector devices and scouting craft today make it all but impossible to approach an enemy shore undetected. But there is a substitute for surprise: confusion. To confuse the enemy, we can and possibly will send out several expeditionary forces simultaneously. Each, made up of ship- and air-borne army units and with its own umbrella of air protection and advance screen of bombers, will head for a different landing point. Which will develop our main thrust we will leave the enemy to guess.

Our own chiefs may not decide this until the enemy has sent his reserves to one or more of our beach heads; then we'll pour our reinforcements somewhere else. Commando raids and fake convoys (which carry no troops and head in the wrong direction) can also be used to add to the enemy's bewilderment. While each expedition and its air units attend to matters in their own area, other bomber and paratroop forces may be expected to hit enemy roads, railways, telephone and telegraph lines, bridges and airports. What our plan is, once we are firmly established ashore, depends on just where we do make fast.

France is the probable invasion area. An alternative is an invasion of fogged-in, ice-free northern Norway in winter. There we will need little air aid. But northern Norway is far from Germany. We can win a useful battle there but not the war.

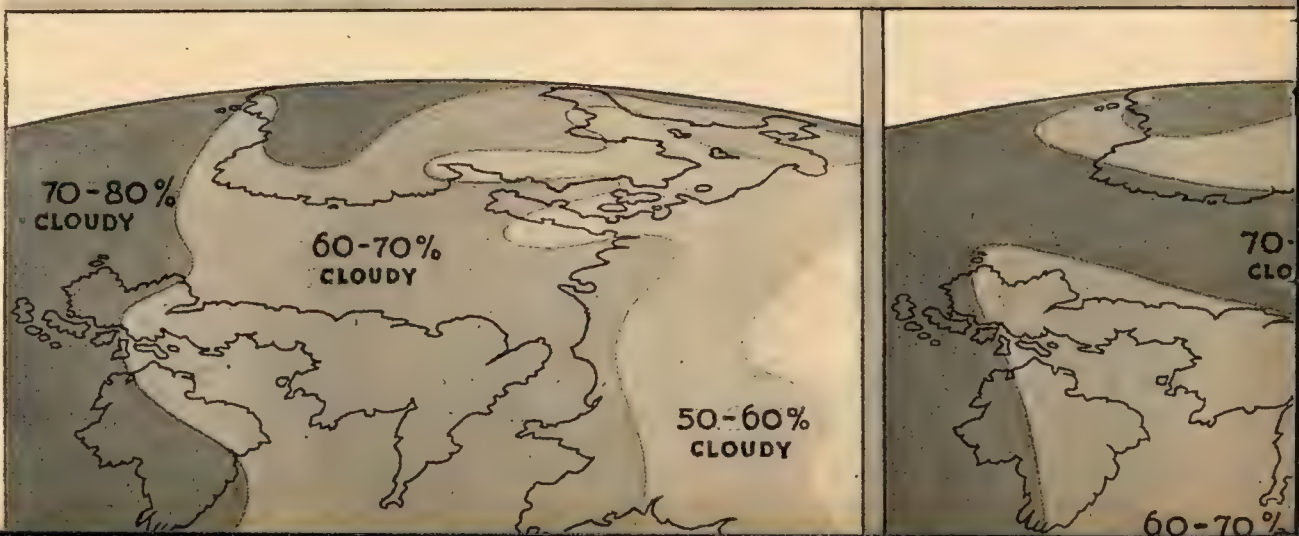
THE END

PLANS FOR



S E P T E M B E R

O C T



THE SECOND FRONT



E R N O V E M B E R D E C E M B E R



CAN WE AFFORD TO DEPORT HARRY BRIDGES?



What might it mean to the nation at war? Here is a thought-provoking report of fact and opinion

BY JOHN B. HUGHES

Famous West Coast Radio Commentator

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

HARRY BRIDGES may be deportable, or he may not be. That is for the courts to decide. That, certainly, is one value of the Attorney General's act in ordering Bridges' deportation. If the order serves no other good purpose, it will bring to responsible courts of the United States, the courts of justice, the case that has been tried and re-tried in the press and in conversation and has gone through two hearings

that had neither the dignity nor the authority of a court.

Deportation of Bridges is to be decided by the courts at last.

This is no discussion of the legal aspects of the case. A book could be written on that subject, and probably will be.

I have been attempting to learn what might be the effects of Bridges' deportation, not on Harry Bridges himself but on you and me as citizens of a nation at war.

On the West Coast, especially in

San Francisco, I have sought answers to the following questions: How might Bridges' deportation affect labor? How might it affect management? How might it affect the war effort?

There is a wealth of opinion between the extremists. One extreme says deportation of Bridges would explode the social revolution in America. The other extreme says we've got to get him out if we ever want to have labor peace; says he must be deported whatever the means.

Here in brief is the history of "the Bridges case."

Harry Bridges was born in Australia. He came to the United States in 1920. He worked in one port and then another. Nobody ever heard of him until 1934, when he rose from the ranks of the Longshoremen's Union to lead a revolt against racketeering union leadership and bad working

conditions on the San Francisco water front.

He led and won one of the biggest strikes the West Coast has ever had. He has repeatedly won gains for his men. He worked up to be Western regional director for the CIO, but continued to accept a salary equivalent to the average wage of a longshoreman. He became a big power in West Coast industrial unionism. Naturally, to the opponents of unionism, he became a marked man.

As an alien he had a vulnerable spot. For seven years efforts have been made to pierce it. Right after the 1934 strike, San Francisco police sought his Australian record. He had no police record there, so Melbourne authorities were asked for a general report. When it came, San Francisco police chief William J. Quinn is quoted as having said, "The confounded thing reads like a recommendation for a high-class job."

IN 1936 a Congressional committee did some checking, got a report that Bridges had entered this country legally, had a perfect legal right to be here. Commissioner of Immigration and Naturalization Daniel W. MacCormack testified:

"He has been followed up not only in this country but in Australia and other countries where he lived before he came here. The facts, however, are that there is no shred of evidence in our files or in the files of the San Francisco police department to indicate that he is in any way subject to the provisions of the immigration law because of his radical views."

In 1939 hearings were held to determine the truth or falsity of charges that Bridges was a member of the Communist Party, an organization said to advocate overthrow of the United States government. As an alien he supposedly would be deportable if found guilty. After eleven weeks of hearings and three months'

study of testimony, the examiner, James M. Landis, then dean of Harvard Law School, submitted a conclusion which was summed up: "The evidence therefore establishes neither that Harry R. Bridges is a member of, nor affiliated with, the Communist Party of the United States of America."

In 1940 the House of Representatives passed H. R. 9766, a bill to deport Harry Bridges. The Senate asked for an opinion from Attorney General Robert H. Jackson. He issued a strongly worded denunciation of the proposed law and the bill died without Senate action.

Then in 1941 came the second deportation hearing, ordered because of new evidence claimed by the Department of Justice. After eleven weeks of hearings, 7,546 pages of testimony, and another three months of deliberation, Presiding Inspector Judge Charles B. Sears returned a verdict that Bridges had been a member of the Communist Party and was deportable. A week later the House of Representatives again passed a bill to deport Harry Bridges, but that, too, failed to become law.

That was in October, 1941.

On January 5, 1942, the Immigration Appeals Board unanimously reversed Examiner Sears' decision on Bridges' deportability, said, "There is no evidence."

On May 28, 1942, Attorney General Francis Biddle startled every one concerned by ordering Bridges' immediate arrest for deportation. In San Francisco, Bridges himself was surprised, but he sent a message to War Production Chief Donald Nelson that there would be no slackening of the war-production effort of his longshoremen, and his attorneys began habeas corpus proceedings and an appeal to the courts.

At last it was for the courts to decide. Attorneys all over the land began studying the legalistic problems

involved. Wayne L. Morse, member of the National War Labor Board on leave from his jobs as dean of Oregon University Law School and West Coast water-front labor dispute arbitrator, wrote:

"I think it is very important that the decision finally reach the United States Supreme Court for final determination, because of the nature of the legal issues involved. To my way of thinking, they are fundamental issues which challenge long-established principles in our form of government."

So much for "the case." In seeking answers to my questions on the possible results of deportation I found business men and civic leaders unwilling to be quoted, but there was plenty of freely expressed opinion "off the record." One business man told me he thought the deportation would be disastrous, thought "Harry Bridges has done more than any other person in the United States to increase production for war. I feel that he has done this with no selfish motive, and that without his personal leadership work in the vital war industries of the West Coast would lag far behind."

That opinion was echoed by many men who knew the details of Bridges' activities as co-chairman of the Joint AFL-CIO Unity for Victory Committee.

The importance of Bridges was disputed by another management spokesman, head of an important industrial organization who has dealt with Bridges for a long time. He said, "Yes, Bridges has tried to increase production, but despite all his efforts there is still no appreciable increase of output per man-hour. He has failed to remove union-applied restrictions that hamper work and he doesn't deserve the credit he is getting. I can't see that his deportation would make any difference one way or another. His personal influence doesn't mean much any more."

Yet, off the record, I found much comment that this same industrialist and others like him who have faced Bridges across the negotiation table during the past few years really think it *would* make a difference.

ONE man put this difference into words but refused to permit use of his name. He said he was voicing a general opinion of management, or at least that section of it which has done business with Bridges.

"Bridges," he said, "has developed during these past seven years into a seasoned and responsible labor leader. His development has cost management a great deal of money. That is an industrial investment which we have only begun to appreciate, since we didn't realize that he would turn out to be the responsible sort of character he now is. If he is deported, heaven only knows what sort of leadership we will get in his place. There might be another long period of chaos while another man from the ranks learned the ways of industry and developed responsibility. Or we might get the racketeering type of labor leader who

New York marine workers demonstrating in 1934 as a ship arrived from the West Coast.





Harry Bridges (center) in the federal court as deportation charges began.



James M. Landis, who cleared him of Communist Party membership.

would chisel and slice and gouge from industry and labor both, and destroy the businesslike relationships that now prevail pretty generally between management and the CIO on the West Coast."

A San Francisco attorney who has represented employers in many labor-relations matters said to me, "Bridges is quite definitely emerging as the most statesmanlike of the labor leaders. He has courage and appeal. The trouble is that the papers did such a good job of selling him as a menace to home and fireside that when he announces such things as a 'union speed-up' it doesn't get much of a play."

Augmenting this attitude among the best informed men on the management side is the consensus that since labor feels that Bridges has been persecuted, if he were deported he would become a martyr as the late Tom Mooney did. I was told by a realistic industrialist, again with a refusal to be quoted by name, "Bridges may have caused us a lot of trouble here, but deported and elevated to the martyr's shrine he would be the cause of the greatest catastrophe in industrial history. We can't afford to permit that."

There is still another view, expressed by the small-business or professional man who has no connection with trade-unionism and whose thinking generally sides with management. I talked with many such persons who, having never liked Bridges, having accepted him as a menace, and knowing nothing about him except what they read in the papers and hear in the club, have now come to the conclusion that he is being picked on. There is one such man who went broke in San Francisco and who blames Bridges for it. This man is now in business in Minneapolis, and right after the Attorney General's deportation order was issued he wrote to Harry Bridges:

"I was the owner and operator of a small jobbing business in San Francisco up to May 1, 1940. I fought you and the labor troubles on the water front with all of the enthusiasm and intensity I possessed. . . . I thought you were wrong then—I still think you were. But I'm right here to tell

you that I think you're right now, and I'll fight just as hard for you now as I fought against you. Your actions, as reported in the Minneapolis papers and from friends of mine in San Francisco, are to be commended.

"Damn you—I think you're doing a swell job, and we need more fellows like you to get this job over with."

In labor's ranks it might be expected that there would be universal support of "Harry." There isn't. There is vast support and it has been almost voluble, but any one who looks in the right places can find opposition. Even among Bridges' own longshoremen and warehousemen there are those who don't like him and don't like his methods and who would like to see him out of the country. They are generally of the type known as "hot-heads," and Bridges holds them back from hotheaded action that might cause trouble. They complain because he even talks to business men's groups. He makes speeches that sound to them sometimes like capitalist economics.

OFFICIAL labor is seemingly all for Bridges. Even the AFL in California gives him credit today. Most of labor reasons that he has kept his own counsel—that all issues must be put aside until the main fight is won. As co-chairman of the Joint Unity for Victory Committee he has gone into hundreds of war-industry plants to speak to the employees, whether they were CIO, AFL, or neither. He has urged them to forget fighting the boss and fight the enemy. He has said, "Never mind the closed shop, never mind jurisdictional fights—you can come back to all those things later. We just know that we must bury the hatchet to bury the Axis."

Labor points to Bridges' record against the Axis from as far back as 1935, when he and his longshoremen struck against loading scrap iron on a Nazi vessel. Labor tells how he tried for months before Pearl Harbor to bring about a labor-management board for the longshore industry in order to help achieve full production. His

proposals went unheeded. Then on December 12, 1941, he presented a complete plan for such a board to the Waterfront Employers Association, a plan for a labor-management-industry council. It was favorably considered by the employer group, but then was turned down on the ground that labor was trying to invade the field of management rights.

So Bridges went to Washington and explained his plan to various authorities, including the Maritime Commission. Finally, last March 11, Admiral Land issued an order creating the Pacific Coast Maritime Industry Board "to co-ordinate the efforts of the employer and employee groups on the Pacific Coast for the purpose of increasing efficiency in loading and discharging vessels."

The order followed closely the pattern presented to the employers by Bridges months before. This board, from all accounts, has been effective. In a report made in mid-July, one of its management members says:

"The measure of progress thus far is that there has been neither strike nor stoppage, and generally convoy requirements have been met. There is practical assurance that this will continue for the duration. Pacific Coast shipping has emerged from an eight-year era of strikes alternating with stoppages. . . . Army and navy give willing testimony that their convoy needs have been met thus far. There appears no reason why every convoy requirement should not be met in the future. . . . The Union has been active in transferring its unemployed members from slack to busy ports, and in recruiting new longshoremen. . . . The available longshoremen in each port are allocated to advantage of ships and dispatched with convenience to the men."

But also pointed out is the fact that certain restrictive rules remain in effect. This the report blames on union leadership. Also charged against the longshoremen are restrictive practices such as dragging feet, loafing, leaving the job while on pay, early quitting and late starting. But the management spokesman says:



Dollar liner President Hoover tied up at the dock and picketed.



Harry Bridges and George Wilson, his defense committee's secretary.

"Injustice would be done if the impression were left that all men lay down on the job. A goodly share of the longshoremen, men of character and quality, do excellent work; their self-respect and craft-pride will not permit them to do poor work . . . but they suffer a steady browbeating on the job from the ne'er-do-wells, a relatively small group who raise all the hell and make wretched the lives of everybody around them on the job, in the dispatching halls, and at union meetings."

One point often mentioned by management men is that if Bridges goes out, this "relatively small group" might get control on the water front and make the shipping troubles of the past seem like garden parties.

This report is pertinent because Bridges is the longshoremen's president and could be called the father of the Pacific Coast Maritime Industry Board, and because the above quotations are from a report on that board delivered to the San Francisco Commonwealth Club, Industrial Relations Section, by Mr. Frank P. Foisie, president of the Waterfront Employers Association and one of the employer members of the Maritime Industry Board.

The labor people are very proud of the West Coast water-front record so far as sabotage and fifth-column activity are concerned. One of the longshore union representatives on the Maritime Industry Board, Mr. Cole Jackman, wrote in a recent report:

"Steps were taken, under Bridges' direction, to safeguard ships, docks, and cargoes from fire, sabotage, or other fifth-column activity. Local unions in each port on the Pacific Coast designated one individual in every ship and dock gang to be on the alert and responsible for any such acts and immediately report to the proper authorities any suspicious characters in water-front areas. It is significant that fifth-column activity on West Coast water fronts is practically nonexistent. In fact, insofar as is known, not a single case of sabotage or other fifth-column activity has occurred to date in such area."

The Pacific Coast union men point to the number of fires and deliberate misloadings on other water fronts that have appeared to be sabotage.

Army and navy opinions are not available for publication. However, already an old story is this statement of Rear Admiral J. W. Greenslade, commandant of the Twelfth Naval District, praising the loading of a particular vessel: "In less than half the usual time the cargo was out on the dock and the ship made available for its new and urgent assignment. . . . The steamship owners and the Longshoremen's Union merit equal praise."

Bridges read the admiral's statement proudly to a Citizens for Victory luncheon at the Palace Hotel, and added: "Remember this, too, that the union and steamship company referred to here have fought for years and fought through long and bitter strikes, with men injured and killed. But now they have put aside their differences for the duration. They are breaking production records to win this war. When two groups like this can join and work together, so can any former fighting labor-management groups, if they sincerely want to win."

THE army has entrusted Bridges with an important job. After discussions with Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell, he was charged with the forming of battalions of longshore Commandos. These units will go into full military service, unloading cargoes from ships wherever they are needed by the United Nations' armed forces. Bridges personally led the recruiting among his longshoremen and presented the list of applicants to the army.

The plan followed an offer made by Bridges after bombing had killed so many British longshoremen. He volunteered to send San Francisco longshoremen to Great Britain or anywhere in the world that they were needed by the United Nations.

Everywhere you go in this shipping business you hear about Bridges and the things he has done, or has tried to do, to help the war effort. Some day a story will be told of how he used his

influence and information in an effort to prevent some of the sabotage that has taken place in Atlantic ports. It can't be told now.

The Chinese had something to say about Bridges' deportation. After the Attorney General's action, the following telegram was sent to President Roosevelt:

Deportation order of Harry Bridges we feel regrettable at this time when national unity against Fascist powers most urgent. Longshoremen under Harry Bridges fought against shipment of scrap iron and war materials to Japan since beginning of Sino-Japanese war in 1937. American and Chinese protests of shipment of scrap iron to Japan previous to Pearl Harbor received support of longshoremen who refused to cross Chinese picket lines to load scrap iron ships bound for Japan.

Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association (Chinese Six Companies),
843 Stockton Street, San Francisco, California.

The Chinese Six Companies is the most powerful Chinese group in the United States. It comes close to being the Chinese government in this country. Naturally the Chinese were against Japan and loved any one who joined them.

Australian officials have expressed an eagerness to have Bridges come back to his native land any time.

Bridges himself has told his union men that he doesn't matter, that they must keep up their jobs and win the main fight. To the representatives of 200,000 CIO members gathered in a conference he said:

"There are not many places in the world that he [Biddle] can deport me to that will deport me out of the fight against Nazism and Fascism. . . . You've got to understand Mr. Biddle's decision in this light—that he ordered an individual, and it was only an individual, to be deported. They can't deport the principles."

Fortunately the decision is in the hands of the courts of the United States, the courts of justice.

THE END

DARWIN WAS RIGHT



THE GREAT BRAIN WHIRS. "I'll never let Darwin down!" Suzie cries. "First I'll unscrew this cap from the jar—and get that stick. Glad it's not the kind you pry. Even Superman can't get those off!"

MONKEYS may be der cwaziest peebles—but you can't prove it by Suzie, pint-sized Gargantua who delights thousands at Miami's Parrot Jungle. Suzie—she's a he, chaps—is American tropical, belongs to the capuchin family, has brown face, ring tail, and crew haircut or cowl. Capuchins rate the I. Q. of children, can easily be trained to handle an organ-grinder's finances.

Suzie's specialty is to solve problems quickly. Often he outthinks a child, displays gital dexterity and speed even alleged superapes like ourselves could hardly equal. So smart is Suzie, owner Francis Scherr has often thought of sending him to Harvard. Well, then—Yale.

Here's a typical mental stumper put to Suzie. Owner Scherr let Suzie see him put a piece of banana within a can within a can within a can. This he set outside Suzie's reach. Near by he put a walking stick—also out of reach. Within reach Scherr left a mason jar containing a small stick.

All Suzie had to do was to figure out with his Darwinian wits exactly how to snag that hunka banana! Which Suzie did—in two and a half hours flat, without baching. Since then Suzie's whittled that time down to twenty-four seconds and less, depending how much he needs his banana vitamin. And *you* used to think *you* were smart!

Let's take a worm's-eye view and see how Suzie does it.

PHOTOS FROM MICHAEL LEVELLE



MONKEY BUSINESS. "Hey, what's this—cans within cans. No fair! I bet the darned apes couldn't try to pull this on Uncle Gargantua!"



5 COMES THE DAWN. "So you thought you'd make a monkey of me, Mister Man? But I was too canny. You couldn't keep me from my vitamins."



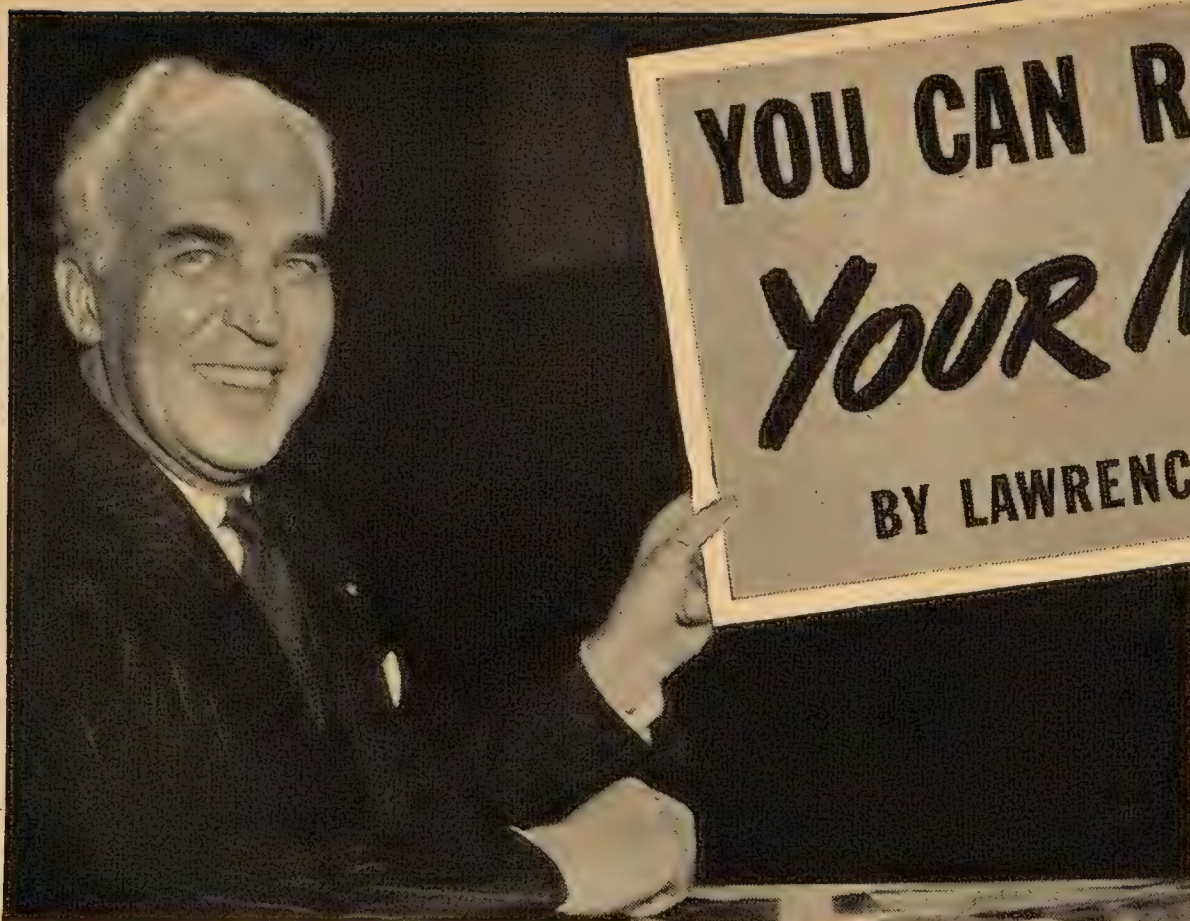
2 I'LL BE A MONKEY'S UNCLE! "Damn it—the stick's not long enough to reach the can! Why don't I use it to snag that walking stick?"



3 CANE you top this? "Now I pull the can to me with the walking stick. In a minute that banana'll be mine. We'll see who sticks who!"



6 BANANA KING. "Boy, is this good! Could you do that trick in twenty-four seconds? Maybe you could if you ate more bananas!"



Paul V. McNutt, War Manpower Commission chairman, registers in the survey.

PHOTO © HARRIS & EWING

If tomorrow brings you an unfamiliar job, these are things to remember!

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

SOON after Pearl Harbor, all American automobile factories—along with a lot of other plants which had been making things like adding machines and typewriters—were ordered to stop what they were doing and “retool” to manufacture tanks, guns, and planes. They did it with a speed and thoroughness that has astonished the world—and themselves. And now comes the next step.

There is better than an even chance that within the next few months you will be one of several million people who'll be called on to retool their minds as Ford and General Motors have their factories: to equip their individual “plants” of brains and energy with the machinery of new knowledge and skills for a job quite different from their present one.

According to Paul V. McNutt, chairman of the War Manpower Commission, war production will need 13,000,000 more workers by the end of the present year; and since by then nearly all our able-bodied younger men will be in some kind of combat service, the new war-production workers will have to be mostly older men, or women. Some of them will make the change because their present occupations have been shelved for the duration; some, to earn more money than they ever made before. But they'll do it anyhow, whether they want to or not, because Mr. McNutt bluntly warns us that if the required number of workers can't be had in any other way, the government will draft them.

Getting out of the familiar rut may jolt you a bit at first, but it may be easier and more profitable in the long

run than you think. Even now, thousands of men and women have successfully made a change of occupation more complete than from building cars to making cannon. There's the former symphony conductor who is rifling gun barrels, and the young woman I know who has shifted from interior decorating to successful work as an inspector of shell casings. And if they can do it, you can.

Maybe you are one of the exceptionally lucky people whose present job is the one for which you are best fitted by both natural aptitude and training. Even so, the change to war work may not be as much of a waste as you imagine. I had long suspected that natural aptitudes are broader and more flexible than most of us realize, and a series of talks with Ralph Strathmore, vocational guidance specialist and head of the Strathmore Career Counselors, Inc., of New York, confirmed my impression. According to Mr. Strathmore, if you are, let's say, an automobile mechanic, a typewriter repairman, or an expert at fixing refrigerators, that shows you have certain aptitudes or talents which he calls by such two-dollar names as manual dexterity, visual acuity, and spatial and structural visualization. But these are the very aptitudes you need for almost any of 1,037 necessary wartime jobs listed in the United States Directory of Occupational Titles, and retooling your mind (and hands) for one of them will be easy.

For instance, to glance at Mr. Strathmore's files, John Henderson was worried because he could find no more work as a printing pressman. After a short period of training he became a competent automatic turret-lathe worker. James Green had been earning only eighteen dollars a week as a dental mechanic, but after he lost his job he took six weeks' intensive training, and now makes forty dol-

lars a week running an automatic screw machine. And so it goes.

Or suppose your job is one, like selling or accounting, for which no mechanical ability is necessary—your hobbies may suggest a new way to earn a living and to serve your country as you do so. Bill Brown never had done anything mechanical except for the fun of it, but he did like to fix up gadgets around the house. When war came, he resigned his job as a bookkeeper and became a shell assembler in a munition factory.

The whole idea that there are different “types” of intelligence, each suited to a different kind of work, is mostly nonsense. To say that your mind is able to learn chemistry but not French is hardly more sensible than to claim your legs carry you beautifully when you're walking toward home but collapse under you when you head for the office. Even this can happen in some types of “nervous breakdown.” But the trouble isn't in the patient's legs; it's in his feelings, especially those of which he is largely unconscious.

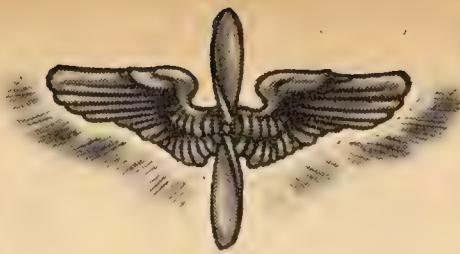
Another ancient bugaboo has been broken down: the idea that after forty or so, a man becomes “too old to learn.” This has been proved false over and over, not only in such classic cases as that of the Roman patriot, Cato, who learned Greek at eighty, but by recent laboratory experiments at Columbia University and elsewhere. The truth is that any one's ability to learn is only very slightly slowed down until actual brain deterioration sets in, and that rarely happens before seventy or eighty. At least if you're under sixty and in reasonably good health, you can learn almost as easily and remember almost as well as you could at twenty, provided you will forget your fears and prejudices and get busy.

Designers are already talking of the wonderful new cars it will be possible to build after the war—possible not only because of what has been learned from building tanks and airplanes but because old dies and patterns have been scrapped and will no longer be a drag on progress. If changing to meet an emergency has done so much for cars, why may it not do still more for the life that's built around them?

Why may not having retooled your mind fit you for a bigger share in building a new America, a new world?

THE END

SERVICE



WINGS

"It's in the bag," said Johnny. But Johnny didn't know. A story of dreams, a woman's love, and something bigger than ambition

BY LORING DOWST

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

SUE plunged her husband's hand into the basin of hot water, removed it, applied the nail brush with vigor. Johnny Hyatt flinched. "Hold still, can't you?" Sue shook her red hair and tightened her grip. "I'm trying to, baby, but you're so darned rough!"

Johnny sat on the opposite side of the kitchen table, his brown curly hair neatly subdued, his square chin closely shaven. His white running shirt disclosed muscles won not on campus track or gridiron but in the busy shops of East Coast Airlines. The calloused hand escaping Sue's assault reposed in the basin, to which she presently added water from a steaming saucepan. This, because of the drastic economies imposed by the Hyatts' four-year plan, was a cold-water flat in Corona.

A loud banging commenced in the middle of the kitchen floor.

"For heavens' sake, Skipper," Sue said, "a little less racket. You'll have the landlord up."

The Skipper was engaged in a top overhaul of his airplane, a modified kiddy car with wings, an imitation motor and a very fine propeller that turned when he pedaled. The Skipper looked at his mother, his face registering abuse. Afloat on his carrot-topped head was a brand-new cap with a shiny patent-leather visor and the pilot's emblem of East Coast Airlines.

"Got to make a racket," he said. "I blowed a head on Number Seven. She come right through the cowl—"

"Whoa!" exclaimed Sue. "You blew a head on Number Seven. She came through the cowl. Nice people don't talk that way."

The Skipper fetched his engine a couple of smart cracks with an old wrench discarded from Johnny's kit. "They talk that way in the shop, don't they, Doc? They say hell-for-damn—"

"Skipper!" There was fire in Sue's eye.

Johnny bit his lip to keep from laughing.

Sue picked up the orange stick. "Never you mind how they talk in the shop, young man. Your father's not a grease monkey any more. He's a—"

"Ouch!" Johnny lifted six inches



"Skipper!" There was fire in Sue's eye. Johnny bit his lip to keep from laughing.



from his chair. "You're killing me!"

The Skipper came over to the table. "What you doin' to Doc? You hurtin' him?" Around the airport Johnny was known as Doc Hyatt. Sick motors ate from his hand.

"Your father is having his first manicure, Skip. He's a first officer now—a pilot. It would never do for passengers to see his hands—"

"What's wrong with his hands?"

"Nothing," Johnny said, smiling. "They're good hands. But I have seven years' grease ground into them and under my nails. It isn't anything to be ashamed of. But flying officers are gentlemen, your ma says. Gentlemen have clean hands."

The Skipper thoughtfully surveyed his own hands, rubbed them on his tiny coveralls. "O. K., Doc," he said seriously. "You fly 'em. I better fix 'em."

Sue grabbed the Skipper and kissed him until he hollered.

Johnny glanced at the alarm clock over the stove, chuckling. It was noon. "If I'm going to look handsome on my first official run, I'd better get started soon."

Sue finished the manicure and Johnny managed not to wince too often. He gobbled the lunch Sue placed before him, donned his white shirt and tie and Sunday light-weight jacket. Sue took the cap from the Skipper's head and handed it to him.

"You going to wear this, dear?"

Johnny blushed. "Gosh, no! Not till I pick up the rest of the outfit from Levy's. I'll have it on when you and the Skipper watch Trip Nine take off—four o'clock sharp."

His wife put her arms around him. "Oh, Johnny," she said, and worry tinged her voice. "I'm so proud. You've worked so hard—"

He kissed her. "You mean *we've* worked so hard, baby. Just think—in a month or so we'll make a down payment on the Mansion—"

"Let's not be hasty about the Mansion," Sue broke in. "I trust Disbrough as far as Skip could throw a bomber." Disbrough was operations manager for East Coast Airlines.

"It's in the bag this time," Johnny said quickly.

"I've heard that one, too." Sue was scowling and Johnny noted the thrust of her chin. "First he tried to talk you out of flying; told you he was hiring only army- and navy-trained college boys. Then, as soon as you earned your ratings, he raised the minimum requirements another hundred hours solo—"

"But the company did that—"

"Maybe—but I bet it was Disbrough's idea." Sue eased him toward the door. "We've been over that ground again and again," she said. "All I'm saying is that I won't believe you're a line pilot until I see you take off on a scheduled run."

"You be there at four, baby, and you'll see just that!"

"I hope so, Johnny," Sue said earnestly. "I—" Her voice dwindled, and Johnny looked at her sharply.

"What's the matter? What's wrong?"

"I hadn't meant to say anything yet, Johnny, but—well, I had a letter from Paul."

"Oh," he said softly. "He needs it—now?"

Advanced flying time by the hour costs a lot. When Disbrough had told Johnny that his four hundred solo hours were not enough—that he needed another hundred hours—he had borrowed four hundred dollars from Sue's brother Paul, who owned a hardware business. It had been at Sue's suggestion, and on the condition that they would raise the money through other sources if Paul should need it unexpectedly soon.

"The war," she said, "has hurt Paul's business. He needs the money by the end of the week. And we've already overborrowed on the basis of your salary—"

"Not my new salary," he cut in valiantly. "I'll ask for an advance—"

"When you haven't even flown a run yet? Not a chance. The only practical thing is for me to go back to work."

He looked at her, unbelieving. His wife's working, outside the home, he wholeheartedly opposed. "Not on your life!" he exclaimed. He forced a laugh and patted Sue's shoulder. "Cheer up, baby. Things are just beginning to roll. Forget your worries until Trip Nine pulls out. When it does, our troubles will go with it. I'll dump them in Washington!"

But Sue didn't respond. "Just don't let that old Disbrough fox you," she said. She kissed him quickly.

DOWN at the curb, he tossed his fancy cap into his flivver convertible and flipped down the top to let in the August sun. A man who didn't know automobiles would never guess that this one was six years old—almost a year older than the Skipper. That's the kind of mechanic Doc Hyatt was. As he drove off he reflected that, ex-

cept for Sue—and then of course the Skipper—he probably would have been content to remain a first-class mechanic forevermore.

But a family does things to a man. In his case, as soon as the baby came he wanted to move into the country. Not way out; just far enough so that a kid's play pen could be in the sun. He had found himself yearning for a bungalow with a spare room for the Skipper and maybe cellar space for a sweet workshop. On his days off he drove Sue and that little bundle out into the Jersey countryside; that was before E. C. A. had moved from Newark over to LaGuardia Field.

He found a house he liked, and he called it the Mansion. The price was five thousand dollars. He thought the terms were fairly reasonable.

Sue had said, "Look at it all you want—but count me out."

He had been dumfounded. "Why, I thought you'd love a place like this!"

"I would—if we could afford it. As it is, what you make would scarcely carry the payments. Of course, I could put Skip in a day nursery and go back to work—"

"Nix," he had said, and he had driven in silence back to the flat in Elizabeth.

When they were having supper, she said, "As long as I can see something in the future worth fighting for, nothing frightens me. I want Skip to go to college some day. And maybe he'll have a brother and sister or two—"

"I know mechanics with three or four kids—"

"And what else? Bills? Wives who jump from the dishpan to the wash-tub?"

"Well—"

And then she had crept into his arms and whispered, "Oh, Johnny, don't you see? You can be somebody if you want to. You've got smart brains. If we knuckle down a few tough years—"

"You—you mean I could pick up my flying again?"

THAT was what she meant. They laid out a four-year plan, with night school and home study included. They moved into a cold-water flat, and when the Airlines went over to LaGuardia they found another one in Corona. Every spare hour and every spare nickel went into flying. Of course, Johnny managed to find another Mansion on Long Island. But Sue wouldn't discuss it yet.

During the last eighteen months he had mastered meteorology, navigation, flight theory, and instrument procedure. Not until he had tucked into his wallet all the certificates of rating necessary to be second in command of a modern air liner—not until the successful termination of the four-year plan—would Sue listen to serious talk of the Mansion.

He crossed the Queensborough Bridge, wormed his way to the West Forties, and found the establishment of Isaac Levy—Uniforms for Every Purpose. He alighted from the elevator at the third floor, and walked

past the brave wax officers of the army and navy. One of them wore the uniform of an Air Corps lieutenant. Johnny felt a small pang of envy. He had offered his services; but he'd been told they were taking neither mechanics nor pilots from the air lines, excepting reserve officers.

"Step with me this way, if you please," said Mr. Levy, appearing with his tape measure around his neck.

The uniform was a shade lighter than navy blue. There were gold wings on the left breast, a single gold stripe on each cuff. Even the brass buttons bore the distinctive winged emblem of East Coast Airlines.

"You should like it yourself," said Mr. Levy, as Johnny stood before the three-panel mirror.

"It's swell," he said, and he wished Sue were here to see it. He tried not to be self-conscious as he got in the car and donned the cap. He glanced in the mirror, grinned and snapped a brief salute at the figure he saw. As he slid away from the curb he noticed his arm on the wheel—the gold circlet. He murmured, "Don't worry about your dough, Paul. Little Johnny will come through." Why, an E. C. A. co-pilot's pay was more than three hundred a month; in a year or so, with another stripe added to his arm, he ought to hit between seven and eight thousand dollars a year. Hello, Mansion!

There were two shining Douglas DC-3s on the apron when he drew up in the employees' parking space. He moved past an official army car, hardly noticing it, and gazed at the two airplanes. One of them was scheduled for Trip Nine, most likely. The hangar doors were open. He walked in, perhaps from force of habit.

In the corner nearest the shops plane Number 69 was undergoing a 700-hour

check. White coveralled men searched for flaws in her denuded structure. Day before yesterday Doc Hyatt had been a member of that crew, soiled with grease and sweat. Not today! On the way to the operations office he had to pass a less dismantled airplane: Number 42.

"Well," boomed a voice, "if it ain't Clark Gable in The Mail Must Go Through!" The speaker was Mike Burke, crew chief, who stood atop a welded steel staging under a huge cowlless engine.

Another mechanic said, "Say—don't he look cute!"

Uniformitis overtook Johnny and his embarrassment shone like a glowworm in a rain barrel. With forced nonchalance he shoved his cap on the back of his head. "Hi, gang," he said. "How goes it?"

"You might as well get on your old coveralls, Doc," Mike Burke said, still working. "You ain't going anywhere today."

"The weather looks good," Doc said, and walked toward the door marked Operations. He heard Mike say, "It ain't weather trouble, Doc. It's more likely ship shortage."

Johnny didn't pay any attention. Two O. K.'d ships stood on the line.

DISBROUGH, the operations manager, was not in his office. His secretary said, "Six army officers spent the last half hour with him, then they all went out. Mr. Disbrough was looking very unhappy."

Two hours remained before departure time. Johnny walked over to the passenger terminal and, to his surprise, saw an E. C. A. Douglas take off without passengers. Routine test flight? He saw another E. C. A. craft taxi down the field. It, too, roared across the airport, lifted, and turned



south. He went over to the company traffic counter to inquire. There was no need to ask.

A clerk was explaining to a passenger that Trip Nine, the four-o'clock Washington flight, was being consolidated with Trip Eleven, departing at five. Johnny hastened back to the hangar, disappointment surging within him. He found Mike Burke and demanded to know what was happening.

Mike kept right on working. "I told you you weren't going anywhere today, Doc. Uncle Sam is taking over twenty-five per cent of all air-lines equipment. The army took those two today for a starter."

"GOOD Lord!" cried Johnny. "How can we maintain schedules?"

"By doubling up certain trips," Mike said. He looked up significantly and added, "And by servicing the remaining ships in half the time. So climb out of that fancy suit and grab a wrench."

"The hell with you, Mike! I take my orders from the front office now—not from you."

"Do as you please," Mike said. "I don't know if you're assigned to go out on Trip Eleven—but I'll tell you this: I doubt if this job'll be ready by five o'clock. Two guys are out sick, and you know damned well we got to keep a crew on Number 69." He pointed to the dismantled ship in the corner. "If you wanna leave us in the lurch—"

"Look," said Johnny. "I invested plenty of hours and headaches and dough trying to get some place in this business, and I'm damned if you or anybody else is going to hand me a tool kit again—"

"Wait a minute, Doc," Mike broke in. "We're up to our necks in a war—a real war. A guy who doesn't fit in where he's the most valuable is nothing but a yellow slacker—"

He didn't finish, because Doc Hyatt had him by the front of his grimy coverall. "I'll show you who's a slacker!" Doc yelled, and started the haymaker. It never landed. A pair of wiry hands seized his right arm and locked.

"Hold it!" snapped an authoritative voice, and Doc looked around at Harwood Disbrough.

The operations manager released Johnny, and Johnny let go his grip on Mike Burke.

"You men know better than this," Disbrough said, his voice level. "We've a tough job to do. The best way to muffle it is to stand around the hangar airing petty grudges. Get going, Burke. . . . Doc, come with me."

He turned toward the office, limping, and Johnny followed.

In the operations office, Disbrough handed Johnny a certificate. He was tall, with iron-gray hair. He had been a World War ace, a barnstormer, a pioneer transoceanic pilot, and one of the courageous men who had staked everything on air transport. He sat behind his huge desk and dragged thoughtfully on his cigarette. Presently he said, "Doc, we're in a spot."

Johnny said, "We've been in a spot

before. What I want to know is—do I get to fly today, or is this the old run-around again?"

Disbrough passed his hand across his forehead. "Take it easy, Doc. Put yourself in my place. I've lost two ships and there are two in the hangar. One won't fly for days; the other needs six hours' work in three. We save one plane by consolidating Trips Nine and Eleven—"

"Let me go out on Eleven—"

"I'm coming to that," Disbrough said. "Mike's boys are working on Number 42. With unusual luck and plenty of help 42 will be O. K. for Trip Eleven. Wait—I know what you're going to say. Number 77 comes in at four thirty on Trip Ten. Why not use that ship for Trip Eleven? If you stopped to think you'd know the answer: Number 77 has got to be serviced for Trip Nineteen tonight."

"Nuts!" said Johnny. "That's your problem. I've put in four years grinding for this co-pilot's berth. I've borrowed money for flying time. If I don't get this job I'll find one somewhere else."

Disbrough stood up. "Well, Doc," he said, "I hoped you'd stick with me on this. I can't order you to go back into the shop—"

"You're damned right you can't!" Johnny rose, too.

QUESTIONS

1. What is a Pyrrhic victory?
2. News accounts of the recent trial of saboteurs said, "The commission will sit in camera." For pictures?
3. Does this mean anything to you: "5,000—70 tons each—Kaiser"?
4. Lourenço Marques is mentioned often in the news. Who or what?
5. What was the rate of government spending for July?
6. Suppose you rescued a torpedoed ship's survivor who said he was an A. B. Is it probable he would mean Bachelor of Arts?
7. Harold Ickes has fourteen titles. Can you name three?
8. What happens to the pay of captured U. S. soldiers?
9. Wildcat, Avenger, Warhawk, Thunderbolt—are they books, movies, plays, or what?
10. We're fighting the "Axis" nations. Why are they so called?
11. An enemy alien was caught recently with data about the neighborhood of Parris Island. Of what interest would Parris Island be to the enemy and where is it?
12. Who is the ranking officer of the WAVES?
13. Who figured prominently in the news because he wanted to exchange a baseball bat for a night stick?
14. Give, within ten years, the date on which The Star-Spangled Banner was proclaimed the national anthem.
15. A Louisiana schoolteacher has caused the Japs plenty of grief. Who is he and what was the name of the group he commanded?
16. What is the "lobster" shift?
17. What national hero once won a warplane contract by flying circles around his German competitor despite two broken ankles?
18. Tam o' Shanter—numbers—revolt. Of what sport should these words remind you?
19. Was John Paul Jones the naval hero's right name?
20. United States aviators in the Far East recently demonstrated the Yank sense of humor by posing a captive Jap in front of his plane with an object in each hand. What were the objects in the picture?

(Answers will be found on page 28)

"—but I can order you to turn in your uniform. Before I do, here's something to remember: A man's real worth is measured by his behavior in the pinches. Think that over."

Johnny walked out into the dispatcher's office.

The dispatcher on duty looked up from his desk. "What's the matter, Doc? The old boy jump you?"

"He wasn't very helpful," Johnny answered.

"He's been limping lately," the other remarked. "His grouch usually matches his limp. It's that old shrapnel wound kicking up. He was supposed to have it operated on this week, but things have piled up. He'll have to put it off indefinitely."

Johnny wasn't listening very carefully. He was thinking of Sue. *I trust Disbrough as far as Skip could throw a bomber. . . . I won't believe you're a line pilot until I see you take off on a scheduled run.* She would be out at four o'clock, she and Skip—and he would not take off. And her brother was asking for that four hundred dollars. Well, he could sell the car for half of it—maybe raise the rest against insurance.

Disbrough's door opened and he limped hurriedly to the hangar entrance. "Hey, Mike!" he called. "Get that ship ready, if it takes a leg! A Clipper just came in from Lisbon. There's hell to pay if some of those passengers don't make Washington on Trip Eleven!" He returned to his office and slammed the door.

Johnny climbed the stairs to the pilots' room. What a mess! he thought. Work your brains out, and some neurotic criminal like Hitler came along and took it all away. Build toward something—the Mansion, for instance—get all set for it, and what happens? Can't get your new job. Nothing to fly. Pilots without ships.

He flopped down on a couch and picked up a weekly news magazine. He opened it, and a caption stared at him: PILOTS WITHOUT SHIPS. In Bataan; in Burma; in Malaya. Pilots digging fox holes, manning machine guns on the ground, because they had no ships. Could they hold out until equipment from the United States reached them? No, they couldn't. In fact, they hadn't. He noted the date on the magazine. Much had happened since its issue. And there were still pilots without ships on every Allied front. America's job was to supply those ships.

JOHNNY got to his feet, began unbuttoning his tailored blue jacket with the gold stripe on the sleeve and the wings on the breast. America's air transport system was one of the most vital cogs in the entire war effort. Precious documents, production estimates, and military personnel—all must travel swiftly and surely in times like these.

He hung up his jacket and trousers and slipped on the coveralls he had hoped not to wear again until he puttered around his own shop in the Mansion. The Mansion? Suddenly it

seemed very remote. He grinned. Hell, if Disbrough could put off removing shrapnel from his leg, he guessed he could delay buying a house. He looked at his watch. Three o'clock. He went down the stairs whistling. He must have been crazy, losing his perspective that way. Why, if a guy didn't do the job he could do best—and do it hard—nobody in the country would own a Mansion!

DOWN in the mechanics' locker room he forced open a tool kit belonging to one of the men on sick leave, selected what he wanted, and reported to Mike Burke.

Mike, high on the staging, looked up from the magneto he was adjusting. "Doc!" he said.

Johnny said, "It isn't Doc. It's his bare conscience. How do we stand?"

"There she is," Mike said, and pointed to the service record on a clip-board. Johnny glanced over the long detailed form. Mike said, "Take your pick. One place is as good as another—or as bad."

"I'll tackle the landing gear," Johnny said, and disappeared under the tremendous wheel. Soon he was up in the after section of the engine nacelle, in the cavity which houses the wheel when the landing gear is retracted. He went from the starboard wheel to the port side, repeating his inspection and adjusting. Then, with the aid of jacking stands and the co-operation of the instrument man working in the cockpit, he tested the operation of both wheels, marked them O. K., and moved on to another job.

Heat radiated from the metal hangar roof. Still Mike Burke's men labored on, as much a precision team as a gun crew. At last the big motor cowlings were swung into place, the fastenings engaged. The whine of a vacuum cleaner in the cabin died away.

The boys were gathering their tools, wheeling off the work stands. Johnny looked over Mike's shoulder at the service chart. A klaxon barked, and Johnny said, "Good gosh—could that be the first buzzer?"

Mike looked at his watch. "It ain't nothin' else but—with fifteen seconds to spare."

It was quarter to five and, Johnny suddenly realized, Sue and Skipper must have been over at the terminal since four o'clock! One of the tractors stood just outside the hangar. He ran out, started it, and drove it under the big ship's tail. A mechanic hooked the coupling bar to the tail-wheel assembly. Somebody yelled, "All clear!" and Johnny depressed the clutch.

A clear, cool voice said, "My—how becoming your new uniform is, darling." Sue was standing ten feet away, her expression bleak.

The Skipper hung onto his mother's hand and jumped up and down. "Hey, Doc. I wanta wear the cap. Gimme a ride on the dolly."

Johnny climbed off the tractor. He said to a near-by mechanic, "Haul her out, will you, Pete?" Pete took over and Johnny walked toward Sue. He

took her arm, about to lead her outside. He felt her tighten.

"Don't touch me," she said, and yanked away. "Just as I thought—you let Disbrough talk you out of—"

"Baby," Johnny said, "it was an emergency. We're shorthanded and shy on equipment. A man has to—"

"A man?" She sniffed. "Real men don't have flimsy spines like—"

"Look here, Sue." Johnny's voice was edgy. "Nobody made me do it. I did it because I wanted to. Because it was the thing to—"

"Where's the car?"

The Skipper looked from his mother to his father. He piped, "Don't I get to dispatch you, Doc?"

"Shush," Sue said, "or I'll dispatch you."

"The hack's around back," Johnny said. "I'll go check on tonight's work sheet, then I'll be right with you."

"Don't bother," said Sue. "You stay with your beloved work sheet." She spun around, swinging the bewildered Skipper off his feet. She disappeared beyond the hangar door. He listened a minute, heard the familiar sound of his own starter. The car drove away. He took a tentative step forward, arrested it, and snapped his teeth together. The hurt in him turned to anger. All right. Just for that—

Mike Burke's voice close by said, "Thanks, Doc."

"Thanks," he said. "Thanks? That's a hot one! Forget it. How do we stand for tonight?"

"Not good. Couple of us are going to grab a bite, come back and help the

night crew. Four more jobs will be comin' in, and we got to make some time on that complete overhaul."

Johnny said, "I'm not hungry. I'll be here when you come back."

Next time he noticed a clock, it was dark. He had been doing the work of two men or more, and he was bone-tired. Still, he did not want to go home. He was afraid of what he'd say to Sue. And, somehow, the savor had gone out of his work. At last Mike came to him and said, "You're a pal, Doc. But you got to quit sometime. You got to eat. Knock off; will you?"

Johnny put away his borrowed tools. Halfheartedly he scrubbed his hands with sand soap; it didn't do much good. "To hell with it," he mumbled. The floodlights came on as he reached the big doorway. A silver ship slid down a shaft of white light; another sparkled as it roared away into the night, hauling its precious cargo. It had been like this ever since darkness. Traffic was moving—because of guys like him. "Nuts," he muttered. He stepped just outside, leaned against the door, and lighted a cigarette—the first he'd smoked for hours.

OH, Mike! Mike Burke," came a call from within.

Mike answered, "Yeah, Mr. Disbrough?"

"Has Doc Hyatt gone home?"

"I hope so. I told him to."

"Well," the operations manager said, "he's a gent, that guy. Tell him in the morning that he's on co-pilot's pay starting today."

No gladness flowed in Johnny's frame. "So what?" he said, and rounded the hangar. It was quite a hike to the bus station, but he hadn't proceeded fifty feet when he ran smack into his own car, parked. Sue was behind the wheel, and the dull glow from the instrument panel shone on the Skipper's red head, close to his mother's breast.

"What the hell—" Johnny said. Sue was looking up at him with melting eyes. He circled the car and climbed in. "What's the idea lugging Skip out this time of night?"

"I—I didn't want to leave him. And—and I had to come back."

He didn't answer.

"I sat here watching the planes gliding in and climbing out. I—I've never seen anything so beautiful—or so important. . . . Johnny—I'm proud of you!"

He fidgeted, uncomfortable, but quite aware of the warmth that stirred again within him. His foot struck a tinny object. "What's that?"

"It's your old lunch pail. I thought you'd be hung—"

"Boy!" he exclaimed, and seized the battered pail. He opened it and lifted a sandwich fairly oozing chicken.

"Such hands," Sue said. "Tch-tch."

The Skipper stirred, raising his tousled head. "Wha's matter with Doc's hands?"

"Not a thing," said Sue. She grabbed the one not busy. She planted a kiss right in the grimy palm.

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 27

1. A costly victory. After defeating the Romans, Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, exclaimed, "One more such victory over the Romans and we are utterly undone!"

2. Not this time. The word "camera" also means private judicial chamber.

3. Mr. Kaiser is the West Coast builder who favors construction of 5,000 cargo planes of 70 tons each to overcome the submarine menace.

4. It's a Portuguese port in southeast Africa from which captured U. S. citizens are returned by the Japanese to this country.

5. \$1,790 per second.

6. No. He means "able-bodied seaman."

7. Secretary of the Interior; Co-ordinator of Solid Fuels; Petroleum Co-ordinator for War; Supervisor, Administration of the Government of Puerto Rico; Supervisor, Administration of the Government of the Virgin Islands; Chairman, Board of Directors, Virgin Islands Company; Chairman, National Power Policy Committee; Chairman, Capital Auditorium Commission; Chairman, Migratory Bird Conservation Commission; Supervisor, Government Railroad, Territory of Alaska; Supervisor, Alaska Road Commission; Director, National Bituminous Coal Commission; Chairman, National Park Trust Fund Board; and Fishery Co-ordinator.

8. Prisoners of war receive whatever pay is due them on their release and return to the U. S.

9. American-made pursuit planes.

10. Way back when Benny and 'Dolf first clasped claws their propaganda stated that "the whole world would soon revolve on the Rome-Berlin axis." Wanna bet, boys?

11. It's a marine base near Charleston, S. C.

12. Lieutenant Commander Mildred H. McAfee.

13. Buddy Rosar, catcher on the New York Yankees, left his team without permission to take an exam for appointment as a policeman.

14. March 3, 1931.

15. General Claire L. Chennault, commander of the Flying Tigers.

16. The midnight-to-early-morning trick on newspapers and other twenty-four-hour jobs; dubbed the "MacArthur shift" by defense workers.

17. Brigadier General James H. Doolittle.

18. Golf. At this summer's Tam o' Shanter tournament, contestants balked at wearing identification numbers.

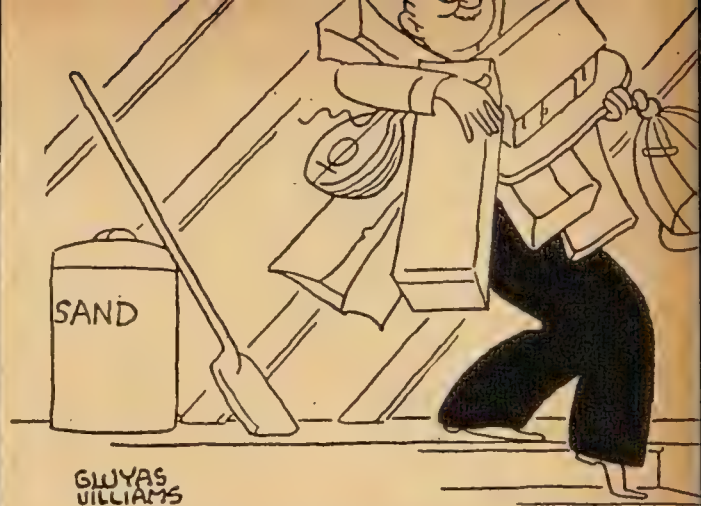
19. No. Originally named John Paul, he added the Jones to escape unjust criminal charges.

20. Two cigarettes—one long, one short.

TEN COMMANDMENTS OF THE HOME FRONT

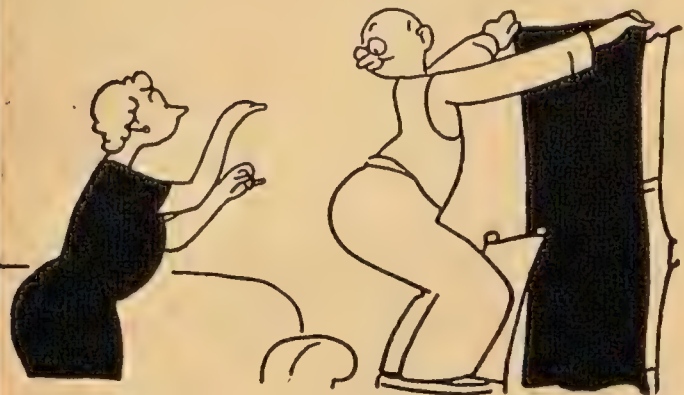
Or, How You, Mr. and Mrs. Average Family, Can Serve Your Country Even if You Don't Wear a Uniform!

All illustrations are from What Can I Do? The Citizen's Manual for War, published by the Office of Civilian Defense, and yours for the asking at your local Defense Council.



GLUYAS WILLIAMS

1. THOU SHALT CLEAR thy attic of junk, stuff, and grammaw's bustle, substituting sand and shovel, thus foiling Axis incendiaries who know that "There's no fuel like an old fuel!"



2. THOU SHALT NOT GRUMBLE when thy wife asketh thee to hang blackout curtains, nor say, "Even if they *did* come, they'd never come near here." Remember pre-Doolittle Tokyo!



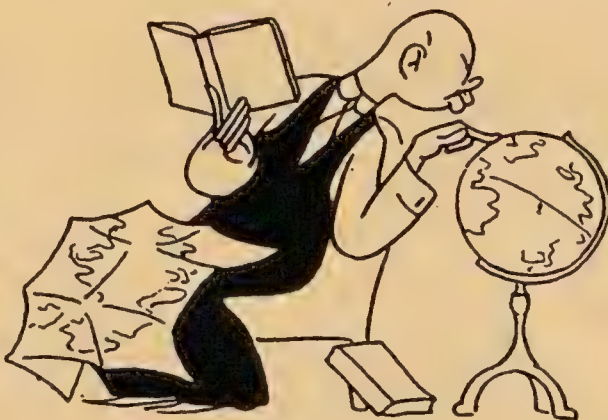
3. THOU SHALT NOT HOARD, stacking away divers commodities in thy store closets, for he who hoardeth placeth himself upon the same level with the common spy and saboteur.



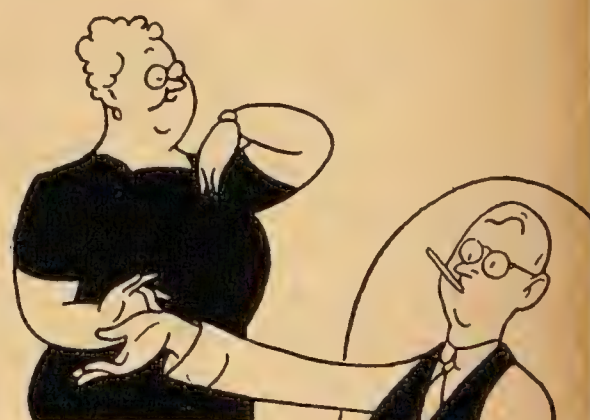
4. THOU SHALT NOT WASTE thy merchant's gas and rubber by causing him to deliver thy veriest paper of pins. Thou shalt lug it thyself, gaining glory, muscle, and blister thereby.



5. THOU SHALT READ and digest the news carefully, so that thou mayest smell the rotten Axis-manufactured baloney dished out by those who would Goebbel us up with lies!



6. THOU SHALT KNOW THY STUFF, learn by book and map what's what, where, remembering ignorance is bliss to Hitler—and there's no room for thought in the New Disorder.



7. THOU, MOM, SHALT KEEP thy whole family's health with all thy large heart and with all thy might. And thou, Pop, shalt not be a pain in the neck every time that thou hast one.



8. THOU SHALT CURB THY TONGUE and cork tight thine ear to false rumors. An idle slip may sink a ship! And remember thou this: The he gossip is no less deadly than the she!



9. THOU SHALT NOT BUY foolishly or unnecessarily, but mend, even turn clothes, remembering that a shabby battle-scarred uniform is better than a new set of chains!



10. THOU SHALT HELP STAMP out our enemies with stamps, sever their would-be bonds with bonds, and give and give till it hurts—Hitler, Hirohito, and the other yellow Aryan.



Franklin Delano Roosevelt, aged seven and, fittingly, wearing a sailor suit.



In Groton and in football togs. He's the boy down in front, in the middle.



"The family of three": James and Sara Delano Roosevelt with their only son.

ROOSEVELT

AS I SEE HIM

Continuing a notable Liberty series by ten authorities . . . Here a famous biographer of the President writes of Roosevelt's youth

BY ERNEST K. LINDLEY

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT first entered the White House when he was five years old. Fittingly, in the light of his later interests and career, he wore a sailor suit. His father, James Roosevelt, was taking him to call on President Cleveland, who said to him, rather sadly, "Young man, I want to make a wish for you. May you never become President of the United States."

The first ambition to seize this boy and hold him was to become an officer in the United States Navy. It appeared clearly when, at the age of twelve, he began reading everything he could find on American naval history. This interest never left him. As an undergraduate at Harvard he began his collection of American naval books, pamphlets, and prints.

Young Franklin's heart was set on going to Annapolis. But James Roosevelt envisaged another career for him: the pleasant, steady life of a business man who would inherit a comfortable fortune, a fine estate on the Hudson River, and a secure place in society. Back of the boy ran a long line of sturdy early American ancestors, mostly thrifty, prudent people who

had seldom shown a flair for anything unusual, including the arts and advancement in public life. On his mother's side was a New England seafaring tradition, ripened in the China trade. From this perhaps came his first interest in the sea.

James Roosevelt was past fifty when he married Sara Delano. The marriage was his second. He had inherited wealth and increased it by careful management. He gradually retired from his corporation directorships to devote himself to the life of a country gentleman: breeding thoroughbred cattle, training trotters, playing golf, and traveling. The family of three went abroad nearly every year, and in summers it often settled in a large frame house on Campobello Island, New Brunswick. Until he entered Groton at fourteen, young Franklin was educated by governesses, except for two brief spells in a German school at Nauheim, where his father went for the cure. Kaiser Wilhelm II had just ascended the throne, and the schools had instituted new courses in map reading and military topography. These interested young Franklin especially—he still sketches maps whenever they can illustrate his points. But it was not until years later that

he realized the significance of this innovation in the German schools.

He experienced, too, the hand of German law enforcement. Once while on a cycling trip with his tutor he was arrested four times in one day. The first was for running over a goose; the second for picking cherries from trees along the highway; and the third for taking their bicycles into a railroad waiting room. The fourth was at Strassburg. Cycling along in the dusk, Franklin and his tutor were stopped and detained by a military guard for trying to enter a fortified city "on, with, or in" a wheeled vehicle after sundown. The officer of the guard looked the culprits over, gave them each a glass of wine and a piece of cake, and sent them on their way.

During these summers Franklin got acquainted also with Switzerland, France, and England. At home he led a healthful outdoor life. At the age of eleven he asked for a shotgun and, despite his mother's misgivings, was allowed to have it. Within two years he had collected almost a full line of the birds of Hyde Park and Campobello. He learned to mount them himself, after a fashion, and many of this collection of three hundred specimens are still scattered over the house at Hyde Park.

Sent off to the highly exclusive private school, Groton, he went in for all sports with enthusiasm. He found his scholastic work easy enough but won no distinctions. The Spanish-American War revived his ambition to join the navy. With two other sixteen-year-olds he arranged to escape from the school to Boston to enlist for service in Cuba. But on the appointed day all three came down with measles.

At Harvard he was a popular member of the crowd which, because of its combination of wealthy and early American ancestry, regarded itself as the aristocracy. He was quick enough at his studies to complete his undergraduate work in three years instead



With Eleanor, his distant cousin and bride-to-be, during their engagement.



Young State Senator F. D. R. in 1911, when he challenged Tammany Tiger.



In the summer of 1920: Mrs. Roosevelt with the children at Campobello, N. B.

of the customary four, but he won no formal academic honors. He rowed on the varsity squad but never made the first eight, and was a member of the freshman football squad but never made the varsity eleven.

Gradually certain tendencies began to set him a little apart from his "gold coast" cronies. By inheritance he was a Democrat—and as a freshman he astonished his friends by stoutly asserting that he preferred William Jennings Bryan to McKinley and his own distant cousin, Theodore Roosevelt. But T. R.'s example encouraged his young cousin's groping tendencies toward political unorthodoxy. Franklin became one of the most active members of Harvard's Political Club. He returned for a fourth year because he had been elected president of the Harvard Crimson; and under his guidance the editorial column of the college daily often commented on public questions: the Russo-Japanese War, and Panama Canal problems and various labor problems.

At the senior class day elections Franklin Roosevelt and the Crimson came out against the slate of officers drawn by the select clubs. It was young F. D. R.'s first political fight with the established order. And it was a success. At least, running as an independent, he was elected permanent chairman of his class committee.

James Roosevelt had died, and Franklin's mother had come to live with him at Cambridge. Before his final year was over she whisked him away for a West Indian cruise—his first acquaintance with an area which he came to love. He had divulged his intention of marrying Anna Eleanor Roosevelt. His mother could not object to the girl, the orphaned daughter of an old friend, his godfather. Perhaps she felt reluctant to lose her son. At any rate, she wanted him to think things over before becoming involved with a wife and a family.

Franklin Roosevelt gayly avows that he remembers letting his bride-to-be ride on his back in his nursery

at Hyde Park when she was about a year and a half old. But her first recollection of him is at a Christmas party given by Mrs. Douglas Robinson for all the young cousins in the Roosevelt clan. She was a gawky, homely girl of thirteen, and she thought Franklin extremely handsome and gallant. She did not see him again until she came out in society after three years in a finishing school abroad.

The West Indies cruise did not change Franklin's mind, and the marriage occurred on March 17, 1905—that date being set because President Theodore Roosevelt, who wished to give away his niece, had arranged to come to New York for the St. Patrick's Day parade.

Franklin was going to law school at Columbia. He finished in 1907, failing to win his degree, but he passed the bar examinations and went to work for a leading corporation law firm, Carter, Ledyard & Milburn. He did well enough, but found time for weekends and vacations at Hyde Park, and gradually took over his father's local responsibilities as a patron of the volunteer fire department and director of a Poughkeepsie bank.

BUT the political pot was boiling, and the name Roosevelt had become an invaluable political asset. Ordinarily the state senatorial district in which Hyde Park was situated was overwhelmingly Republican. The local Democratic leaders asked Franklin to make the race, and he accepted. To their surprise, he set out to campaign diligently through the entire district. And, to their dismay, he chose to do it in an automobile. The theory at that time was that an automobile in the back country might annoy farmers and frighten their horses. But off he went, with Richard E. Connell, the Democratic Party's chronically unsuccessful candidate for the State Assembly, in an auto hired from a delightful character named Hawkey, who served as chauffeur.

The young Roosevelt made "bossism" his chief issue. He made from ten to twenty speeches a day, visiting every hamlet and crossroads in his district. And he was elected. It was a Democratic year, but he ran ahead of his ticket, especially in the rural districts which had always been stoutly Republican.

The New York Legislature of 1911 was a turning point in the career of more than one young Democrat. Alfred E. Smith became majority leader of the Assembly. Robert F. Wagner became Democratic leader of the State Senate. These promotions were dictated by Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall and by all odds the most powerful Democrat in New York State. In the Legislature were veteran Tammany leaders, including "Big Tim" Sullivan. Big Tim said: "Well, if we've caught a Roosevelt, we'd better take him down and drop him off the dock. The Roosevelts run true to form, and this kid is likely to do for us what the Colonel is going to do for the Republican Party—split it wide open."

Big Tim's prophecy was soon fulfilled. The first important business before the Legislature was the election of a United States senator to succeed Chauncey M. Depew. Murphy had picked his man: William F. (Blue-Eyed Billy) Sheehan of Buffalo, who had served a term as lieutenant governor. As the Democrats had a substantial majority of the Legislature, Murphy evinced no doubt about Sheehan's election. To the progressive Democrats, however, Sheehan was a symbol of reaction. Franklin Roosevelt had aligned himself with the opposition to Sheehan, which was rallying around E. M. Shepard, an independent Democrat. But even the home-town newspapers were not yet paying much attention to Franklin.

Murphy confidently ordered his legislative leaders to call a caucus. By the rules of the caucus, the vote of the majority was binding on all. And to refuse to attend a caucus was

tantamount to bolting one's party. When the appointed hour for the caucus arrived, only 91 Democrats attended out of 114 in both houses of the Legislature. The caucus was postponed for an hour while the party whips went to search for the absentees. But their search was of no avail. There was nothing left for the lieutenants of Murphy and Sheehan to do except to bind the 91 who were present. But 101 votes were necessary to elect a United States senator.

As the delayed caucus was in progress, Roosevelt and eighteen Democratic assemblymen, whom he had collected, issued a manifesto of independence of the party bosses. Next morning Franklin Roosevelt became known throughout the state. And before that fight was over, ten weeks later, he was known to Democratic leaders throughout the nation.

The Roosevelts had taken a house near the Capitol. This became the headquarters of the little band of insurgents. Day after day they went to the Capitol, where the Legislature met, cast a futile ballot, and adjourned. Then they went back to the Roosevelt house, and there they stayed until one or two o'clock in the morning.

EVERY form of pressure known to American politics was brought to bear on them. With intimidation the Murphy-Sheehan forces mixed inducements—hints of nominations to judicial posts and other political promotions. But these men stood by their young field marshal.

Throughout this deadlock Roosevelt preserved friendly personal relations with Al Smith and Bob Wagner and even with Murphy himself. At length he and Murphy began to exchange names of possible compromise candidates. Finally they agreed on Supreme Court Justice James A. O'Gorman. He was a Tammany sachem, but he had no embarrassing corporate connections and the insurgents believed him to be favorably disposed toward Woodrow Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey. Thus after ten weeks the deadlock was broken.

Few men have made their mark in politics so quickly and dramatically as



Wilson with McAdoo (at left) during the Presidential campaign of 1912.

Franklin Roosevelt did in the relatively obscure office of state senator. In three months he had become a minor national figure and had been marked by Democratic politicians throughout the country as a young man to keep an eye on. He had revealed his courage, his charm, and that quality which for years to come observers were, for some reason, to be surprised to find in him: sheer Dutch stubbornness.

The weary Legislature took a recess. When it reconvened, Roosevelt promptly pushed through a resolution in support of popular election of United States senators. All the Democrats in the Legislature voted for the resolution. Unquestionably, Roosevelt's fight against Sheehan gave impetus to the direct election of United States senators, which Congress submitted to the states the next year as the proposed Seventeenth Amendment and which became effective in 1913.

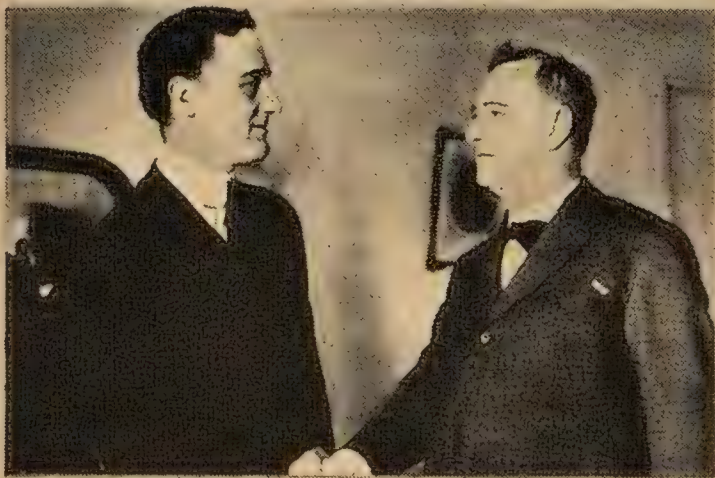
Unquestionably, also, the defeat of Sheehan heartened progressive Democrats everywhere and advanced the Presidential prospects of Woodrow Wilson. His record as Governor of New Jersey attracted Franklin Roosevelt, who in the fall of 1911 went to Trenton and offered Wilson his sup-

port. A few weeks later New York progressive Democrats and old-line Cleveland Democrats formed a committee to line up delegates for Wilson. Roosevelt was made chairman. Neither he nor many others of these men succeeded in getting themselves chosen as delegates to the national convention of 1912, but they went to Baltimore to be generally helpful. On the night Champ Clark passed the majority mark as he inched toward the requisite two-thirds vote, Roosevelt learned that the Clark leaders had arranged to have two or three hundred Baltimore ward leaders and their henchmen storm the floor of the convention. Roosevelt quickly rounded up two or three hundred extra "rooters" for Wilson, with the result that the carefully planned stampede for Clark broke up in general confusion.

THE Democratic Old Guard in New York had boasted that no man who signed the manifesto against Sheehan would ever return to the Legislature. They nearly made good on their boast. As a state senator, Roosevelt had a two-year term; but when he came up for re-election in 1912 the fight had not yet been entirely forgotten. To make matters worse, just when he was to begin his personal campaigning he came down with typhoid fever. In his dilemma he turned to a newspaperman who had befriended him in Albany: Louis McHenry Howe, upstate political correspondent for the James Gordon Bennett papers, the New York Herald and the Telegram. Howe got a leave of absence, and then and there began a political partnership which reached its fruition in the White House more than twenty years later. Howe's big contribution to the 1912 campaign was a "farm program" that evidently appealed to the Republican farmers. For Roosevelt was re-elected, once again leading the Democratic ticket.

Back in Albany, Roosevelt was soon in a stiff fight with a powerful commission-house lobby over his farm program. But he succeeded in putting through part of his plan. Already he had marked himself as a staunch friend of organized labor and proponent of

(Continued on page 51)



Roosevelt with Josephus Daniels. "Don't you want to be Assistant Secretary?" Daniels asked. He replied, "I do!"



With Governor Alfred E. Smith in 1928, at the time when he nominated Smith, "the happy warrior," for President.



READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

FROM K Barracks, State Police, the weary voice finished with "That is all." The carrier hum ceased and Sergeant Ollie Fargo shifted his numbed rear and glanced at his companion and driver, Trooper Joe Smith, steering the white car along the dark deserted road.

It was twelve hours since two men had stuck up the Sandsville Bank. Two men in a black sedan. They'd taken a \$20,000 pay roll for the government project at Morse Creek. Ten minutes after the hold-up every road in the zone had been blocked off, every unidentified car searched thoroughly. Twenty thousand dollars in small bills. In a black bag. There wasn't a decent-sized town in the zone. Only villages. Grayson City was thirty miles from Sandsville, beyond the blocked roads. Squad cars had combed the zone; village police were stopping any one they didn't know. No one had got through the cordon; but, so far, nothing.

Sergeant Fargo sighed. He looked at Joe Smith's clean young profile. From his expression, Sergeant Fargo knew Joe wasn't thinking about the hold-up men. He was frowning. The sergeant felt a perverse pleasure. "We take over at 301-180 Junction in fifteen minutes. We'll stop at the Wagon and have coffee and a sandwich. We've time."

Joe's frown deepened. "You have coffee, sergeant. I'll wait in the car."

"You'll come in," Fargo said. "We've an all-night stretch. A hungry man's a poor watchdog. I suppose you quarreled with Kitty again. Now step on it. The Wagon closes at one."

Joe muttered, "Yes, sir."

The sergeant said indulgently, as a man in his thirties and happily married talks to a lad in his twenties and making a mess of things: "I don't figure you kids at all. Kitty Morgan's a nice girl. You're crazy about her;

she's nuts about you. And all you do is quarrel. What is it this time? Something dumb, I bet." He let his breath go in a snort when Joe didn't answer. "O. K. There's the Wagon. Pull up alongside Kitty's car. I guess she's alone."

She wasn't. When Sergeant Fargo came into the counter place with Trooper Joe Smith reluctantly following, Kitty was behind the counter, small, dark-haired, blue-eyed, and there was a girl, a little older than Kitty maybe, sitting at the side end, coffee before her. A girl with yellow hair, a polo coat wrapped around her.

The sergeant straddled a seat. "Coffee, fried-egg sandwich, Kitty."

Kitty nodded. She was tight-lipped. But that, the sergeant knew, was because of Joe. Because they'd quarreled. He grinned when Kitty said, "What will your chauffeur have?"

The girl in the polo coat smiled. Joe said, "The same as you, sergeant. Tell the girl, without eggshells."

Kitty's eyes were bright. She looked at Joe, but he was looking the other girl over.

Kitty turned and broke the eggs onto the plate top. They began to sizzle. The girl in the polo coat said conversationally to Sergeant Fargo, "I dropped off the nine-o'clock bus to visit Kitty, but I wish I'd gone on. I'm so full of coffee I'm tanning from inside out. I'll be glad to get to Grayson City."

She yawned and looked at the clock. It said ten minutes to one. Kitty finished making the sandwiches and slid them to the plates. She brought the plates and set them down. Turned and drew coffee. Then she stood there, looking at Joe.

Sergeant Fargo took a huge bite. "Get at it," he told Joe. "We've got to push along."

Kitty said, "Maybe he wants his oatmeal, sarge." Fargo laughed, but Joe's face got red and angry.

"I do," he said. "A double dish. I suppose there is some?"

His tone was sarcastic. Sergeant Fargo recognized the challenge in Joe's voice. The heart of the quarrel

was somewhere in this. But Kitty didn't flash at Joe. She said, "There is." She got a dish and lifted a cover on the cooker. She ladled oatmeal from the pot, poured cream, set the dish before Joe. His face was still stubborn. He said, "Nothing like oatmeal, sergeant. Grand stuff."

Fargo grinned, puzzled. But across the counter Kitty said, "Yes, it is. I think I'll have some myself before I drive home to Grayson with Laura."

She got a dish and filled it, brought it to the counter, lifted the spoon to her mouth. "Good," she said, and Sergeant Fargo looked at Joe.

Joe was staring down at his oatmeal. He put his hands on the counter and pushed off his seat. "What's the matter?" Fargo said.

"Cigarettes," Joe said, and started down behind the girl in the polo coat toward the automatic machine. Suddenly he turned, moved one step, and wrapped his arms from behind around the girl.

Sergeant Fargo said, "Hey!" and across the counter Kitty made a little sound and slumped down out of sight.

Five minutes later Sergeant Fargo had found the black bag in Kitty's car. The girl in the polo coat, sullen, disarmed, was nonetheless talking. The robbery was well planned. The men had slipped the bag to her half a mile down the road. Then they'd gone on to change the color of the car and attach proper plates. The girl had hid out and walked in on Kitty. Kitty's car wouldn't be searched. She drove to Grayson City every night. Once in Grayson the girl would be safe. The two men would drive their changed car toward Grayson; he stopped, the car searched; permitted to go on. A very nice plan.

The place was full of troopers and police a few minutes later, two cars whining off to the hold-up men's hide-out. The superintendent was congratulating Joe, and Joe was holding Kitty's hand.

Curiosity burned in the sergeant. "But how'd you know?" he asked Joe. "How'd Kitty tip you off?"

Joe got red. "The oatmeal," he said unwillingly. "That's what we quarreled about. I like it; Kitty don't. She said she didn't see how I could eat the stuff. She said she wouldn't eat oatmeal unless some one held a gun on her and made her. That's how I knew something wasn't kosher. She'd never give in to me. She's stubborn."

"I'm not," Kitty said. "You're the stubborn one."

Sergeant Fargo lifted his shoulders. "Go on," he said. "Keep quarreling, you two. This quarrel has brought Joe a sure promotion. Maybe if you quarrel long enough he'll end up superintendent. Only get married, kids. Quarreling's more fun that way."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

MAJOR McGEE *GOES TO SEA*

Uniforms don't make the man, but an accident may make a hero . . . And here's a lively tale to prove it!

BY COL. R. ERNEST DUPUY

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

MAJOR PATRICK McGEE, Army of the United States, braced his pear-shaped bulk against the rail of the Storvark's cramped bridge and stared glassily at the dark horizon smudge below the sunset afterglow. Time was when that smudge at this hour would be laced with a twinkle of flaring lights. But not now. Time was, also, when plain Mr. Patrick McGee would be solidly ashore in that area; not balancing squeamishly in a deep-laden five-thousand-ton freighter shouldering the North Atlantic ground swell with sluggish swooshy heaves. Patrick shuddered. Damn Hitler! Double-damn Charlie Clifton!

"Major Mac-ge-he," rumbled a Scandinavian voice behind him. Patrick turned. Stocky Captain Lundgren, the Storvark's master, arms akimbo, was swaying with sailorman's outspread stance against the vessel's movement. His worn merchant-marine blue was faded with salt spray, his braid and buttons more green than gilt. But—and Patrick was not too sick to mark it—it fitted him. It, and he, belonged. Patrick felt that he was blushing. Ten years on a copy desk and ten more bent over an editorial typewriter did appalling things to one's waistline, took liberties which not even a tailored uniform could hide from Captain Lundgren's pale blue eyes.

But Captain Lundgren was speaking. Patrick goggled. Had he lost his hearing together with his lunch?

"Hunh?" mumbled Patrick.

"I said, major," the captain repeated, "that as senior army officer on board, you are in charge of deck defense against submarines. So say the convoy regulations. So I have asked you to come on the bridge in conference."



ILLUSTRATED BY KEITH WARD

"That's why you asked me here—up here, by the pilothouse?"

"The bridge," corrected Captain Lundgren with slow-spoken Norse distinctness. "River boats have pilot-houses; ships have bridges. Yess." Patrick felt that maybe he would not like the captain. Then the meaning of the skipper's announcement dawned.

"You can't do this to me, captain!" yelled Patrick. "I'm a specialist. I don't know a thing about defense against submarines."

"Yess," nodded Captain Lundgren of the single-track mind. "Yes; but you are major. We haff three captains,

a lieutenant, and two civilian specialists of the army. We haff, too, Mr. North, ensign in the navy, and a gun crew. You, as major, are senior officer. You are responsible."

Responsible, eh? Passing the buck, are you? Major Patrick McGee's Boston-Irish gorge rose. So, unfortunately, did other things.

"I must go downstairs," blurped Patrick. He didn't hear the captain's



"We'll make it now, major, I think." Captain Lundgren's voice brought Patrick out of his trance. His throat was strangely dry and raw.

patient correction. But, to Captain Lundgren's disgust and his own embarrassment, Patrick didn't quite make the companionway in time.

IT had all really started a long time ago, when two fledgling police reporters came to the parting of the ways. Patrick McGee of the clear-cut precise English and analytical mind went to rewrite, copy-desk rim and slot, politics, and finally to "brain alley" as editorial writer. Effervescent Charlie Clifton went to general work, then to Paris, bounced into peace conferences, international crises, little

wars, fame, and an irritating cane-carrying habit. At least it irritated Patrick when Clifton, on his rare visits home, struck poses in the Chronicle office by twining himself around that cane. The later rumor floating around Newspaper Row and Shine's bar, that Clifton, outside newspaper circles, referred to himself as a journalist, Patrick never could confirm. But that, too, lay like corrosive acid in the back of his mind that night three weeks ago when Clifton had really short-circuited Patrick's wiring.

Three weeks ago? Patrick, lying asprawl of the transom berth in the Storvark's chartroom where Captain Lundgren had led him in stolid pity, concentrated on Charlie Clifton. By thinking of him one could forget one's creaking, reeling torture chamber. Had Clifton gone through this ordeal of seasickness? One could only hope.

Three weeks almost to the day. Patrick, certain abstract hopes of war service set aside for the moment, was sweating in his cubbyhole on the editorial which he, and his publisher, fondly hoped would sink the reform candidate for the mayoralty, when a familiar high-pitched voice outside interrupted his chain of thought.

"Humph!" grunted Patrick. The news hound was back, it seemed, bay-ing at the moon as per usual. . . . Pity he couldn't have stayed in Berlin till too late.

The door whammed open. "Hi, Pat, you old stick-in-the-mud! Congratulate me!"

PATRICK glared moodily. Something new had been added. Clifton, balanced *à la* George M. Cohan on his cane, was sporting a wide black ribbon on his horn-rimmed pince-nez. Patrick took in the picture from head to toes: the immaculate cut of the clothing, the purple-checked shirt with matching bow tie, the two-tone footgear.

"Your mother-in-law dead?" asked Patrick. "I see you're wearing a mourning band."

Clifton ignored the crack.

"Patrick, old son, yours truly is set. War correspondent, no less. Off to England right away." Pulling out a little green card folded three times, he handed it majestically for inspection. Patrick glanced at the War Department seal, the words setting forth the fact that Charles Clifton was an accredited correspondent of the Chronicle, the horrible passport photo, the fingerprints. He tossed it back to the grinning Clifton, who stuffed it in his pocket.

"There you are, Patrick. There's a war going on, old son. Or maybe you didn't know. Play on, fair Harvard. Play on your political accordion. Me, I'll be blowing bugles."

"Maybe you will," snapped Patrick. The Harvard crack—from a Yale man—was the last straw. "But don't forget it'll be a borrowed bugle. When I go, it'll be as a soldier. Any horn I toot'll be mine by right!"

Clifton crowed. "Patrick, Patrick! You in uniform?" He waved his hand. "Look at your paunch, man, the army

wouldn't take you as a gift!" Shouldering his cane like a rifle, Clifton did a right-about and swaggered out, whistling *You're in the Army Now!*

Patrick, reaching for the telephone, could hear him clattering down the hall and through the city room.

NO, said officialdom, we have your application and appreciate your patriotism, but, as we told you before, we're not putting civilians into uniform to lead soldiers out to murder. Yes, it admitted, after more argument, certain key newspapermen are being commissioned for public-relations work. Still more telephoning. Slowly it all added up. The leading editorial writer of the Chronicle, with important political contacts at home and abroad, fitted into the picture. The McGee luck held. There was pressing need for such a man overseas. Two weeks in Public Relations in Washington, cramming regulations, learning what the safeguarding of military information meant, getting medical examinations and inoculations, arguing with military tailors, passed like a flash. The swearing in as major, the furtive trip to the army base, the departure—a secret shared only by some 250,000 commuters on ferryboats—was another nightmare.

Which brought one down to the cold disagreeable fact that the Storvark was now slamming into head seas, that one's tummy was flopping like a butterfly, and that Captain Lundgren had been joined by a strippling in uniform who was talking.

"Ensign North, commanding U. S. Navy detachment on board, sir. I have ten men in my gun crew, manning a four-incher mounted on the stern. They are green but can handle the gun. We also have two light anti-aircraft guns and four machine guns on board. We can't man them all. I must request that the army personnel stand watch with us for submarine and air lookout, and also help man some of the light guns."

Was there just a hint of contempt in the skipper's eye? And who was this fresh-faced youngster talking to? An ex-editor or an army officer? Patrick remembered that colonel of Regulars down in Public Relations, the guy with the flat, final voice. He could still hear it:

"McGee, army life is one damned thing after another. You'll be handed the weirdest jobs. Nobody'll give a whoop whether you like 'em or not. All you can do is pick up the ball and run with it. Figure it out the best way you can, then do it. If you've got to ask *how*—well, you don't belong in the army."

After all, one could give out assignments without being able to hit a typewriter or run a linotype. But one did have to know what the shop and its people looked like.

Slowly, jerkily, Patrick pulled himself up in the bunk, fighting to control his dizziness.

"What's the dead line? I mean, when does this all start?"

"Now, sir."

"Get these other people together,"

said Patrick, swinging his legs over the berth edge. "Get 'em together, and let me see what this layout is."

WASHED-OUT, dogged, but—to his surprise—not very seasick, Major McGee stood over the Browning machine gun with which Lieutenant Minchin was fiddling. The Storvark was moving through morning sun-sprinkled seas studded with other vessels. One could reach a limit in seasickness, it appeared, if one worked hard enough all night and was angry enough; if one stumbled over funny gadgets and slipped on steel deck plates between rushes to the rail; if one parceled out to men one had never seen before jobs which one didn't understand but hoped they did; if one crawled in and out of a chartroom pitch-dark when the door opened, lit by weird blue light as soon as the door shut. If one did all these things, nursing at the same time an inferiority complex. Army life? More like the horse marines!

Little Minchin looked up over his shoulder from the machine-gun saddle seat.

"In the Infantry School at Benning," said Lieutenant Minchin in what he fondly believed to be exact mimicry of an instructor's voice, "stripping and reassembling the machine gun is basic. It's no use teaching a man how to shoot a gun he doesn't understand."

Minchin's left hand absently fumbled with the crossed rifles on his lapel the while he stared at the eagle within a rim marking Patrick's specialist status. One more man, Patrick felt, for whom he would never care, this Lieutenant Minchin.

"How long were you in Benning, lieutenant?"

"Three months, major."

"And how long do you expect this sea trip to last?"

"Why, a week or ten days, I guess."

"That's my guess, too." Patrick rubbed his unshaven chin against the collar of his Mae West kapok life jacket. Let's see. A fellow could drive a car for twenty years, and drive it well, too, without knowing how to take it apart. How would that Regular in Washington have handled this? Tell the young squirt if he had ninety days to spare he'd be glad to see him go through his strip-tease act with the Browning for the fourth time in succession, but now all he wanted to know was just how to fire it? Nuts! The Regular would have known how to fire it.

Mumbling, Patrick watched once again the Browning melt to a heap of spare parts under the flying fingers, watched it build up to its normal blunt-nosed bull-terrier poise. Then he climbed awkwardly to the nearest antiaircraft gun, where Captain Smith of the Field Artillery, squeezed between its metal seat and the breech, leaning into the shoulder harness, was putting the long, slim gray lead-pencil shape through its paces. Beside him was standing his assistant gunner; one of the two civilian army technicians on board.

"Pretty sweet, major," Smith remarked cheerfully. "Don't throw much metal, these babies, but they sure pile it in fast." He wriggled out, called the technician beside him to take over, and watched him get the hang of the piece. Somewhere in Patrick's mind a bell was clanging. There was something wrong about this. What? He couldn't get it. Ignored, Patrick stared aft to where the navy gun crew was going through its drill on the four-incher. At the other ack-ack gun, at the other Brownings, extemporized crews were fiddling—crewmen, army officers, the other civilian technician. The Storvark's whistle snorted, eight bells clanged. Noon. Patrick, glancing at the bridge, saw Captain Lundgren and two of his officers, sextants in hand, drifting away. Another profession whose customs and technique were a mystery.

ALICE in Wonderland, that's me, thought Patrick, and ventured a fairly successful try at lunch. It was not until the meal was nearly over and conversation began in the Storvark's tiny thwartship saloon that Patrick remembered what he had been puzzling over on deck.

"Hey!" yelled Patrick.

The skipper and his moon-faced chief engineer paused in their low-toned discussion on the vagaries of the Storvark's apparently tender engines. Lieutenant Minchin's airy discussion on the infantry school, a long-winded argument between the civilian technicians and Captain Jamieson of the Engineers—the civilians were M. I. T. men bound for some production depot overseas—all this stopped. All eyes bent on Patrick.

"You can't do that," called Patrick, pointing to the civilians. "You can't man those guns. You're noncombatants. So are the crew, Captain Lundgren."

"I don't get you," answered one of the technicians.

"A noncombatant who takes up arms has no rights," explained Patrick. "He can be shot if he's caught."

"He can be drowned or blown up, too, whether or not he takes up arms. I never heard of a torpedo or a bomb that recognized a noncombatant."



"Maybe we could use it for a signal drum!"

Brother, when I meet a rattlesnake, even if he does wear a swastika, I'm shooting." The man sat belligerent, elbows on the table, looking for support.

Patrick glanced up and down the mess table. Even Captain Lundgren was nodding approvingly. "Count me in on that," said the other civilian quietly.

Patrick grinned. He felt better. "That's all I wanted to know. We won't want any misunderstanding if the time comes."

The skipper pushed his plate toward the center of the table and got to his feet.

"I would like to see you, major, on the bridge, if you please."

Patrick followed. A light mist was obscuring the sun, veiling all the other vessels in the convoy except one. The captain led the way to the chartroom.

The captain, tapping a stubby forefinger from time to time on the chart, pointing out courses and distances, explained that the convoy was well in the danger zone. But the Storvark and one other ship were not keeping up normal convoy speed. It was all pretty technical, but a fellow could grasp the gist of it.

"You mean that this boat and the other one will be sluffed off the convoy and make for the mainland again? There we'll be picked up in a slower crowd?"

"Two ships, yess. Not boats. Our boats are on the ships. You see them swinging out on the davits." A purist, this Captain Lundgren. "Meantime," he added, "we haff no escort. Fog will cover us, perhaps. Maybe not. We are upon our own."

THAT, felt Patrick, was putting it pretty baldly. It made a guy feel lonesome. A swell yarn, too. A rewrite man at a typewriter could let himself go, building up suspense. The copyreader would get a kick out of it himself. Out here, however, one neither sat at a typewriter nor swung a blue pencil. One sat by a gun and waited.

"As senior officer you should know these things," said Captain Lundgren. "To fight is your responsibility."

Nice business, if one knew how. Patrick shrugged, went out on the bridge. His tummy was still a bit queasy. What he saw didn't help his condition. Fog was closing in. Their companion, a small freighter, was barely visible some four hundred yards ahead and to their left, riding deep, heaving regularly in the long swell. Each time she dipped, white water sloshed away from her forefoot, a corresponding flicker burst under her lifted counter as her propeller broke the surface.

Suddenly Patrick blinked, stared. A great mushroom of white heaved itself a hundred feet above the flank of the ship ahead of them. A fraction of a second later a jet of dirty blackish smoke and flame spurted from her upper deck as she split like a dropped ripe watermelon.

Two heavy explosions rang in Patrick's ears. Somewhere in the Storvark a bell was clanging. Feet were pounding deck plates, men shouting. Into the still rising geyser of water over there black objects were flying. Men or debris? The column subsided gradually, covering the wreck.

Some one was yelling, some one was pointing. Patrick watched a porpoise-like object speeding at them just below the surface. Once it broke water plainly, not two hundred yards away.

Captain Lundgren, bellowing an order to the helmsman as he shouldered past into the port-bridge wing, leaned far out, staring at the torpedo. The Storvark swung to full left rudder, almost spilling Patrick as she lay over to starboard. Slowly, very slowly, like a slow-motion film, she shifted course, to head, it seemed, into the very path of the oncoming peril.

SICKNESS forgotten, Patrick stared. He realized, as the Storvark swung, Captain Lundgren's maneuver. Had the ship held course, the torpedo would have struck her amidships. By swinging her head-on to it the skipper hoped to crawl ahead of the bounding death. It was like a motorist cutting left, the while stepping on the gas, to pull his rear end clear of collision.

Once again the torpedo broached, to foam by and disappear under the counter, inches away, it seemed to Patrick. He gulped.

The loud-speaker on the bridge rattled raucously as the lookout in the crow's nest screamed:

"Submarine! Off the starboard bow!"

Close-in she was, and evidently as much surprised as they were. Patrick glimpsed the lean black snout snuffing into the seas, the tangle of men leaping up into the conning tower and disappearing as if sucked down into the hatch. The nose disappeared into a welter of white water. So this was what a crash dive looked like. Patrick saw blue seas engulfing the deck and didn't realize that he was shouting at the top of his voice as he ran into the starboard wing to get a better view.

The Storvark, still obeying her rudder, was making a wide swing to the left. The submarine, surfaced, would have been meat for the stern four-incher in a few seconds. Doubtless that was why the crash dive, although had Fritz elected to fight on sight, he could probably have gotten them with his own gun first. Maybe he was surprised as he slid through the fog after marking the other ship, maybe he was rattled. Maybe he had some other plan as he sought lame ducks from the convoy. Thus reasoned Patrick later. Just now he had no time for conjecture.

Minchin's Browning was stuttering under Patrick's feet. A heavier pom-pom-pom-pom almost blasted Patrick's ear. Smith, the artillery captain, was pouring it in with the ack-ack

gun. Then the gun ceased. Patrick saw Smith's hands wave helplessly. Where was his loader, the civilian who had been so brash at the mess table? Feet scampered on the deck, a clawing hand grabbed Patrick's shoulder. It was the lanky technician.

"I'm a noncombatant! You said so yourself. You can't do this to me! They'll shoot me if they catch me!"

Patrick pushed him off with his left hand. Patrick's right fist caught the man's jaw, drove him gibbering to his knees.

"You're right," bawled Patrick. "You're right, but you needn't be so damned changeable! Get back and feed that gun!" He heaved him over onto the ack-ack platform. The fellow scrambled, picked up a clip of slim brass shells, shoved them into the ack-ack's maw. The pom-pom barked again.

The submarine's conning tower was almost under water now, broadside to the ship. Patrick watched the ack-ack shells spatter beside it, saw the white streak of the Browning's hail as Minchin crept on target—like a sharp knife ripping silk. Blue water rolled over the conning tower to shiver in foam as the Storvark shuddered to the navy four-incher's recoil. A miss? Patrick guessed so far, while there was a distinct splash beside the sub, there was no explosion, and another and smaller splash far beyond in the mist told of a ricochet.

Three of the ack-ack shells knocked in quick succession against a last speck of black steel visible in the welter of spray. Patrick heard them clang, saw the wink of orange flame as the deadly little projectiles exploded. The four-incher's nasty crack shivered Patrick's eardrums again, then the fog closed down. With it came silence.

"We make it now, major, I think." Captain Lundgren's voice brought Patrick out of his trance. His throat was strangely dry and raw. He had not been so hoarse since the last time he saw the Crimson beat Yale. His hands, he found, were gripping the Storvark's rail. He couldn't quite understand it. He stared at the skipper.

"Yess, she will not pick us up again. She fears planes and escort now we haff fought and broke radio silence. Maybe she has trouble, too, from the ack-ack. Not much, I think; those shells are too light.

"Yess," repeated Captain Lundgren, and the first smile Patrick had noted on his face rippled the leathery skin. "We make it back now. Good thing, too. Nine hundred tons TNT is not safe cargo when the torpedo knocks."

Patrick's legs went rubbery. Turning, he leaned over the rail. Seasickness creeps up on a fellow at the most awkward times. If a guy could catch a Ferry Command plane, now. . . .

PATRICK McGEE sat at a desk in Public Relations, GHQ, London, nose buried in a mass of copy. On the wall in front of him, blown up to almost poster proportions, hung a photo-

stat list of censorship regulations—"Don'ts." Coats off, he and two assistants were tearing away. The night was hot. Patrick's shirt was unbuttoned, his tie hung loosely awry. He glanced under his eyeshade at the clock.

"Speed it up," urged Patrick. "One o'clock. That'll be eight in the East. If this stuff doesn't get on the cable pronto our correspondents will be bleating again. Clear Eastern copy first—we've got another hour leeway for Central time, more for the others."

"Lucky you flew over, major. We'd be swamped with the stuff they've filed on this big convoy." The speaker yawned. "At that, I don't see why we should rush. All this fuss—"

"Maybe you don't," snapped Patrick. "But I do. Newspapers have dead lines. Newspapers—" He broke off. Was he becoming another Lieutenant Minchin? Couldn't a guy know his job and pass it on without becoming pontifical? Nuts!

"Never mind the beefing," said Patrick. "It's orders. When I have time I'll explain. Just now we have a job to do. Let's go."

The door burst open.

"I insist on seeing the officer in charge!" Charlie Clifton, waving his cane.

"I'm in charge," said Patrick quietly.

"I won't be bamboozled! I know my rights and the codes of censorship! Your assistant out there refuses legitimate news to the Chronicle!" For the first time Clifton took in Patrick's bulky form, blinked.

"**CRIPES** sake, Patrick McGee! How did you get here? Never mind that, though. Look! I've got the best yarn on this whole damned convoy. Exclusive. Got it straight from a man on board. Grandest hero story yet, and I can't get the guy's name."

"Sit down, Charlie," said Patrick patiently. "What's it all about?"

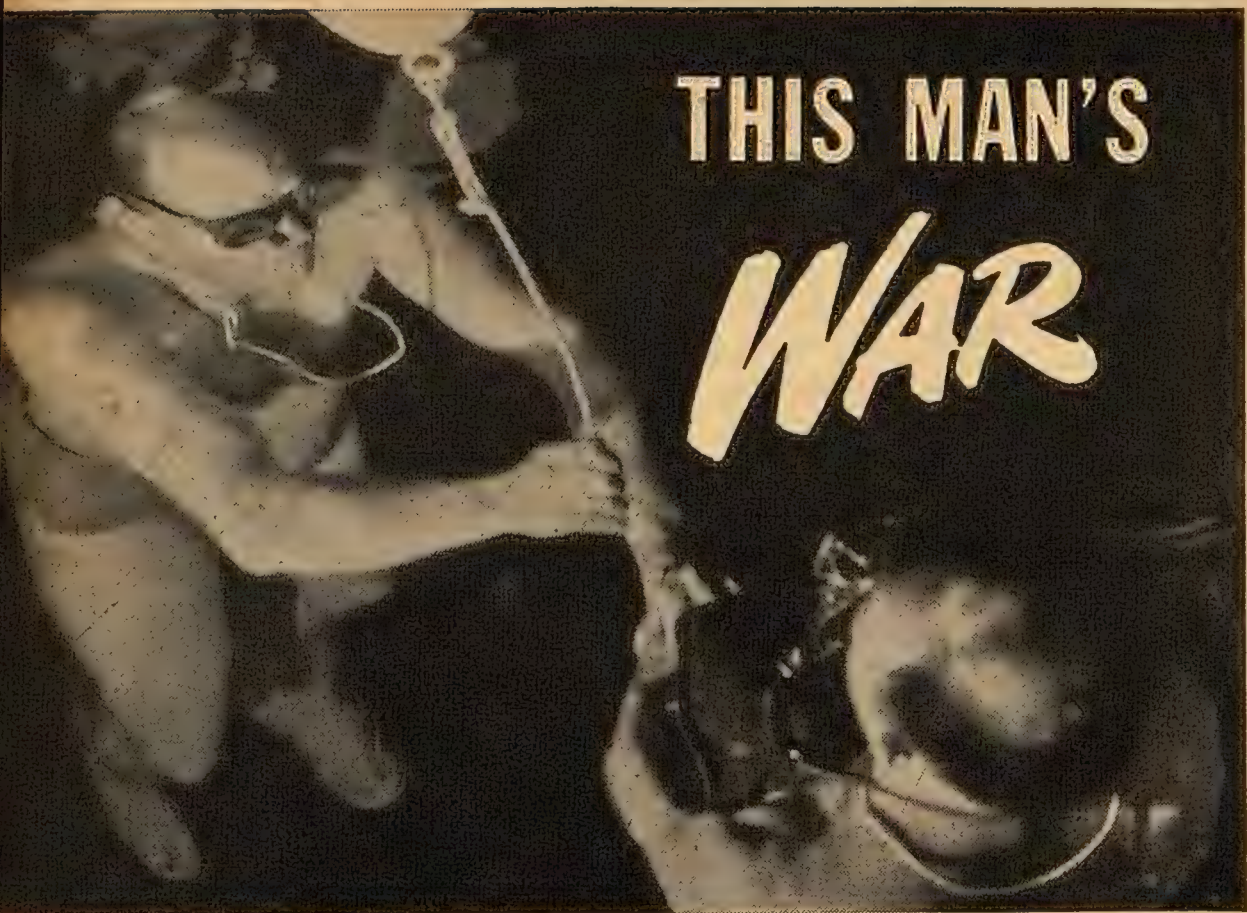
"Patrick, one of the slow tubs in this convoy fought it out with a sub. Fought it out, with a navy gun crew and half a dozen army officers. The senior officer was a big two-fisted major who stood up on the bridge like—like Horatio Nelson and ran the whole show. Bellowed like the bull of Bashan, they say. I've got the straight tip. I'm not mentioning the name of the ship, nor where it happened. But I do want the name of the officer. He's America's hero, don't you see? Made to order. I've got the color, I know the old Regular-soldier type—they can't fool me. I'm filing two thousand words. All I need is that guy's name!"

"The name," said Patrick, "is out. And that's final. You can file the story, if it gets by the censor. But names are out."

"But you don't understand, Patrick! If you were a soldier, or a war correspondent, you'd know what a yarn this is! Damn it, man, you don't understand!"

"No," said Patrick. "I wouldn't understand. And now, get out!"

THE END



THIS MAN'S WAR

Training at the submarine school in New London, Connecticut.

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 56 SECONDS

AS an able-bodied seaman just back from a trip to Murmansk, North Russia, I have read with the greatest of interest the letter from Chief Steward Jack Kayne of the U. S. A. T. Roanoke in August 1 Liberty. Kayne is right 100 per cent.

We fought a running battle for six days and six nights off the North Cape of Norway and the coast of "neutral" Finland, brought our ship in safe, only to lose her at Murmansk by a mine. If you folks here at home could have seen the faces, the eyes, of the Russians when they saw our ship, carrying all they needed so much, sinking in the river, I'm sure you'd understand what the war means to them, and to us. Then, on other ships, where we survivors were placed awaiting make-up of convoy for home, we fought the German planes just like we'd fought them out to sea, sometimes having as many as eleven raids a day. But the Russians are tough, real tough, and together we kept them off us, later got out, and came on home through a lot more stuff I can't tell you about here.

Home means a lot to us, more than any words I can write, and we thought everything was going to be pretty fine for us on our own shore. Instead, we get pushed around. We're "scum" and "draft dodgers," get the fish eye in the subways and theaters because we're not in uniform and have no mark of identification of any sort except our N. M. U. button, which most folks don't seem to recognize. Why don't you, the American people, see that our government gives us some kind of button or badge that we can wear? We're fighting men, and we're not used to getting pushed around out

to sea, or on the other side, or anywhere, for that matter. So give us a break.

Over in the United Kingdom, in Edinburgh, a couple of months back, I saw a parade which was the beginning of Allies Week, with the Free French, the Free Norwegians, the Free Greeks, the Free Dutch, and the Free Poles, with the Scots, the Indians, the R. A. F., the Royal Navy, and, marching with them carrying their own ensign, a lot of the Merchant Navy, guys like us, each wearing a pin with the letters M. N. as identification. Nobody was giving them the slap-around, and they got a hand from the crowd which was real damn fine to hear.

Folks here have told me the Maritime Commission started to make a merchant service pin for us, and then it got into a priorities jam, or something happened; but we can't help that. Just give us a small break when you meet us. Our job is the ships and the sea, and when we're on the beach, in the few weeks we get ashore, a smile and a handshake from our own folks would make it easier when we're out on the job you've asked us to do.

"Slim," Able Seaman,
Survivor Murmansk Convoy.

That paragraph down in the lower right-hand corner of this page doesn't say anything about your gang, Slim, but, believe me, you're in there now with the rest of the "armed forces," uniforms or no uniforms. That identifying button for you merchant marine men is a swell idea, and it's little enough to give you in recognition of the job you're all doing. Are you listenin', Maritime Commission?

* * *

Since the soldiers' pay was raised I have heard that they must pay for their meals. I hope it's only a rumor, but if it's true I think it is awful to treat our men so, when they're prepared to give up everything, including

their lives, for their country. Is it true?

Mrs. A. C. F., Stratford, Conn.

The mere fact that you believed enough of the lie to ask me about its truth shows what our enemies hope to accomplish by their sixth-column activities. Of course it's not true! And the next time you hear anything similar, ask the person who tells you where he got it. Try to trace the lie to its source, and then notify the proper authorities.

* * *

I am stationed in Georgia, where it gets plenty hot at this time of year. Yet we have to wear our shirt sleeves down and collars buttoned up. Why? If it's for the sake of morale, I can tell you that a comfortable soldier is a better soldier.

A Hot Soldier, Georgia.

Agree in principle, but a sloppily dressed man always loses that certain something that marks the "sharp" soldier. There should be a happy compromise and in some outfits there is, but it's up to your C. O. to prescribe according to local conditions.

* * *

I've been trying to enlist in some branch of the armed forces since December 7, 1941. Every time, I've been turned down because of poor eyesight. I can see well enough with my glasses but not without them. Except for my eyes I'm in perfect physical condition. Isn't there some service I can get into?

R. K., Chester, Pa.

Apparently you've been classified as 1-B. If so, you can volunteer for induction through your local board. The first group of volunteer 1-Bs reported for service on June 15, and their success in making the grade will largely determine future calls for and use of such men with slight physical failings. One group I saw recently at a C. A. (A. A.) command were doing splendidly and gave every indication that they'd not only make the grade but would set a pace a lot of 1-As will have trouble in following.

* * *

Here's word from an eighteen-year-old enlisted volunteer veteran of ten months. I went into this man's Army to sling lead in foreign parts, and here I am slinging grease in the States. Instead of wielding a fifty-caliber machine gun, I'm wielding a fifty-ounce monkey wrench. A slight eye deficiency disqualifies me as an aerial gunner, despite the fact I've packed a gun all my life in the hills of Pennsylvania and can shoot the eye out of a squirrel at a hundred yards.

I'm as happy and contented as can be, except that I'd like to prove that shooting is born in a man.

Pvt. J. R., Paine Field, Wash.

I know—you'd like to have the Japs feel about you as the coon did when he said, "Don't shoot, Dan'l Boone, I'll come down." Keep throwing the wrench, son, and mebbe you'll be throwing lead before we're through.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

LIBERTY

VOICES TO REMEMBER

Continued from Page 15

them knew. It hurt then—it hurt even now, *in this dream*. How it hurt, and how it *had* hurt, since he had learned that time was not timeless. Years had seemed so long then.

Now Tommy would have laughed if he could have laughed. They even put commercials in a dream.

But it was a good commercial, true enough, what the Old-Timer was saying now. Pioneer Steel did have family spirit. So did America. America *was* a family. It did have spirit, like members of a family, like workmen in a mill, like students in a college—it *was* all the same kind of loyalty—to the *home*, to the *team*, to the *flag*. They would learn, those who had not known, that this is America they have dared to dare. . . .

Fading. The music was gone. The voices—

Only that *whispering* again.

But it wouldn't be fair now to take the rest away, to give this much and take the rest away. Even in a dream it wouldn't be fair not to let him hear *Virginia*.

The whispering had stopped.

Ah—thanks, angels.

SING it, kids, sing it young and sweet and alive—*alive*. This almost seemed real and not a dream, the way it was coming now.

The angels could really write a script.

The kids were happy the day they sang that. They were living in a thrill. State Day at the World's Fair. The first trip. The first big milestone, the send-off at the station, New York, bus rides, Coney Island—every step burned bright in memory, every note brought back that day. The dream was vivid now.

The broadcast. The world was on their shoulders until the Old-Timer had hit it on the nose like Graham McNamee instead of a machinist, and then the world was just something they had caught in the little mouse-trap they had built.

The first time on a chain. Twenty thousand people in the Court of Peace and the whole world must be listening in, they were sure.

And the world *had* been listening in. It was listening and waiting now, it was fighting and working and dying and praying for that day when God would look upon His little world and

DO YOU KNOW . . .

1. For what "crimes" Franklin Roosevelt was arrested four times in one day?
2. The remarkable pitching record of baseball's "Peanuts" Nyasses over a four-year span?
3. How Commandos are trained?
4. What San Francisco's police chief said after receiving a general report on Harry Bridges from Australia?
5. Why September is a favorable month for invading France, Belgium, or southern Holland?

Answers will be found on pages 30, 53, 13, 19, and 16.

"I felt I had failed as a mother!"



1. Once when my husband was away, little Harry and I were home alone. Ordinarily, we'd have had a lot of fun "keeping house." But this time Harry needed a laxative. I tried giving him the one his father takes, but he balked at the taste, so I had to *force* it down him. Afterward he acted so bad I punished him by sending him to bed. Yet, it didn't seem right . . .



2. I kept telling myself I'd done it for the child's own good, but I couldn't help having an awful feeling of guilt. And I felt so alone and far away from my boy. Just then, Aunt Margaret dropped in and I told her about it.



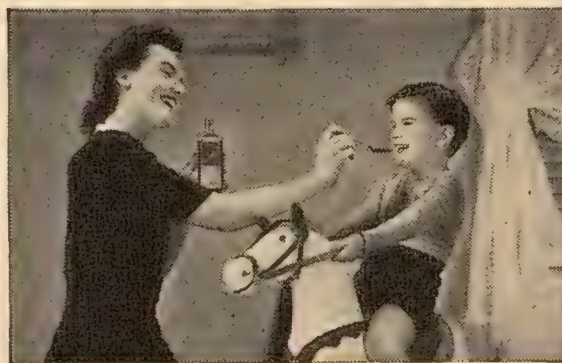
3. "Gracious," she said, "forcing a child to take bad-tasting medicine can upset his whole nervous system and may do him more harm than good. Why don't you give him Fletcher's Castoria? It's made especially for children."



4. "It's pleasant tasting, so a child won't struggle against taking it. And Fletcher's Castoria is gentle and safe, yet effective. It doesn't gripe and won't upset a youngster's delicate insides. Ask your druggist."



5. Sure enough, my druggist said Aunt Margaret was right. He told me many doctors approve Fletcher's Castoria for children. He also said that since it works almost naturally in 8 to 12 hours, it doesn't disturb sleep.



6. And he suggested the new Family Size Bottle, containing nearly 20% more Castoria at the same price. So I gave Harry Castoria next time he needed a laxative. He loved the taste, and it worked wonderfully.

Always take a laxative as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Fletcher's Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature.

Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

"HARDTACK"



"Maybe the cake just defrosted itself like the refrigerator, mom!"

bring His poor suffering children from Gethsemane back to the Court of Peace.

This was the song they had sung that day, with Virginia's voice above the rest.

The angels were singing it now, in a far and distant chorus which would one day come to earth:

Ave Maria.

This was the song they had sung that day, that day of peace when the clouds were coming across the troubled seas, when their song was a prayer, when they had prayed as the Lord prayed, "Father, if Thou wilt, let this chalice pass from me—"

And it was while she had sung, leading the rest, that Virginia's eyes had looked into Tommy's and his into hers and the small things had passed from their hearts and their hearts had opened to the love which had been waiting sweetly, and from that time on they had welcomed it, almost without words, and all the others knew it too, and were happy; for love is the soul of peace, and Tommy knew it then, but not as he had known it since—until now—

For now Virginia was singing, and the whispers were quiet and her voice was a soft clear bell in the heavens, in the skies of the troubled world.

"Sing it, Madonna," Tommy was trying to say. "For there is a baby rocked in the arms of your voice—the baby who never came because our time, which seemed so long, was short—for the clouds came and we fled the clouds, and they pursued us until we reached the end of our flight and were surrounded."

The song was gone. Virginia's voice was gone.

The whisperings had come again, so loud that he might have understood. But Tommy was remembering the trip home, when Virginia told him why she had been cool to him at first: because the town had thought him a wastrel and a show-off who worried his mother and would never amount to anything because he thought himself too good for hard work. Tommy had

been shocked to learn that the town had thought that of him, because he had loved the town and his mother, and that was why he had always come back from the orchestra trips to the music in the mills.

But Virginia's heart had told her that. And then, knowing what was coming and what Tommy would do, she had, with the honesty that was always hers, told him they should take what time was left, because it might be very short. So they had taken that time, which had been very short but very, very sweet. And he had not seen Virginia since, until this sweet and lovely dream.

But whenever he had gone aloft there were always two pictures with him—his mother, and the mother who should have been but never was because they had thought so lightly of the gifts of time and love.

They had been with him that day—his wife and his mother—that last day which had begun as any other day, and had ended, in his memory, when he had swung in the free air like a duck in a shooting gallery, shocked that it had finally come to him—that which he had never thought would come while his mother and his wife were with him in the skies. But that shock had given way to anger, bitter rage and fury, at the faces in the web of Satan which had caught him in its tangles and were following him down.

NOW it was going—the dream. The angels' script was ended and the music was gone, and there were only those whispers above him, so close he could almost hear them now, and there was a probing about him, so real he could almost feel it. But he knew that could not be true, for those had not been real things he had heard but voices in the sky—a blessed dream but not complete.

But the dream was coming back. This was a new voice Tommy had never heard on the program, but speaking of *him*, Tommy:

"Continuing the attack, Lieutenant Griffin then led his flight in a heavy machine-gun attack on an enemy

truck convoy. While engaged in this operation he was engaged by a greatly superior number of Japanese planes. A strenuous fight ensued, during which Lieutenant Griffin shot down another enemy plane. His own plane was crippled and he bailed out—"

This had come clearly, every word, almost as if he were really hearing it. And it was as Tommy remembered; but there couldn't be more, because he didn't remember any more. It was too bad—he would like to have known what happened after—Wait—listen:

"His parachute was riddled with machine-gun bullets and he hit the ground. Injured, he dragged himself toward an abandoned trench. Still not satisfied, an enemy plane returned. Lieutenant Griffin turned a machine gun he had found in the trench upon the diving target—and brought down the plane—his last. He was personally decorated by his commander in chief with the Distinguished Service Cross in the hospital where he is now making his greatest fight. To his family and—"

Tommy would have chuckled. When he dreamed 'em up he dreamed 'em good, sure enough: shooting planes from the hip while dying on the floor—even the Lone Ranger never thought of that one; decorated by the general, no less; and the Secretary of War on an international hook-up telling the world what a brave guy Tommy was. The angels were kidding him now.

Whispering again. Now Tommy could hear the *whispers*—something about his lips—a smile—an arguing about whether he was trying to smile—sure—

Ah! Nice dream!

How real was her voice:

"—makes a mother's heart happy to hear things like that about her boy... Tommy dear, Virginia and dad are here with me, standing beside me. But that's not all. Tommy, there's somebody else, somebody I don't think you know about—another little Tommy, your boy—Tommy.

"I'm holding him in my arms as I held you when your father was in



France; and he looks so much like you—yellow curls and all—and he's looking up at me with his blue eyes—

"You know, I was never a singer, Tommy, but I'm going to sing again to both of you, Tommy—your baby and mine—I hope you can hear me.

"Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle
will rock;

When the bough breaks—"

"No, don't stop, mother. Don't stop now—please! That's it, Virginia—good girl!"

They were both singing. The angels were singing. The first song was the last one. The dream was perfect now.

The song faded. It was over.

Whispering again—very clear whispers, close to Tommy's face. "Tears," the whispers were saying.

What was that?

The baby—sure—right there in the room with him: "Da-da-da—"

So close Tommy could see him if his eyes were open—Tommy *could* see.

TWO doctors and the major were smiling at Tommy.

"Tom"—the major was whispering—"Tom, have you been listening? Do you know what this means? You're going to be all right, Tom. You're going to live—you've opened your eyes. If you can hear me, close them and open them again."

Tommy was almost afraid—he might lose the dream. This was coming too close now to ever lose. Mother—again: "One thing more, Tommy. You were born while your father was in France. He came back to you—so come back to your boy, Tommy dear—"

And Virginia: "We'll be waiting, sweetheart."

And the Old-Timer:

"That old clock is going round, Tommy. I hope you were able to hear us, my boy—you and all the boys like you, sons of parents like us, husbands of girls like Virginia, fathers of little fellows like Buster, and those without parents or kin. For Uncle Sam has no orphans among his fighting men—"

A pause. A long pause. Too long. "Pick it up, Old-Timer," Tommy was trying to say.

The Old-Timer picked it up.

"I've thrown away the script, Tom. This is just your old dad signing off. We've tried to do what we could to help you, son, but now we leave you in better hands than ours—in God's hands. He has to have soldiers, too, Tom, and I know He's proud of you as we all are.

"But I say this to the devils who shot you defenseless in the sky: I crossed the ocean once to *become* an American; I crossed it again to *prove* that I was an American; and I'll cross it again, if necessary, and so will all of the other fathers who were there before. That's all—bless you, my son."

Tommy lay peacefully, eyes open, watching the doctors, who had already begun to do things with him, their faces shining as though they had helped to fashion a miracle.

"You're going to get well, Tom," the major was saying. "You're going home a helluva hero. You're going home to see that kid—do you know what I'm saying? Sure you do. Here—take a look at this medal if you still think this is a dream—"

No dream, major, Tommy was thinking. And don't make so damn much noise—I want to hear that music I sent them. Never thought when I wrote it that I'd be hearing it played like this. Music in the mills, beauty in the colors of the mills, the flame in the sky, the glowing ribbons of skelp, the lusty swing of the sledge, all music—from the guts of America—

The major was worried: "Doc, his eyes closed."

The doctor was feeling his pulse—Tommy knew that now; and knowing that, he knew that he *was* going back home, to mother and dad and Virginia—and that kid. Imagine—a kid sneaking up on you like that—and on an international broadcast—at the age of—they hadn't said the age—but it was a record, anyhow. What a kid!

Thanks, God.

THE END

"All bogged down" with SORE MUSCLES?



PROMPT RELIEF!

Help nature drive out fatigue acids!

That agony from sore stiff muscles usually comes when an accumulation of fatigue acids piles up in them. Get Absorbine Jr. This fast-stimulating linimentation actually steps up your circulation in many of your muscles so that fatigue acids are carried away from this area by fresh blood!

Get Prompt Relief. Just splash those aching muscles with Absorbine Jr. As it goes to work, muscles can relax. Pain eases, swelling reduces. Welcome comfort comes! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy.

\$1.25 a bottle at your druggist's. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 360Q Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

ABSORBINE JR.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

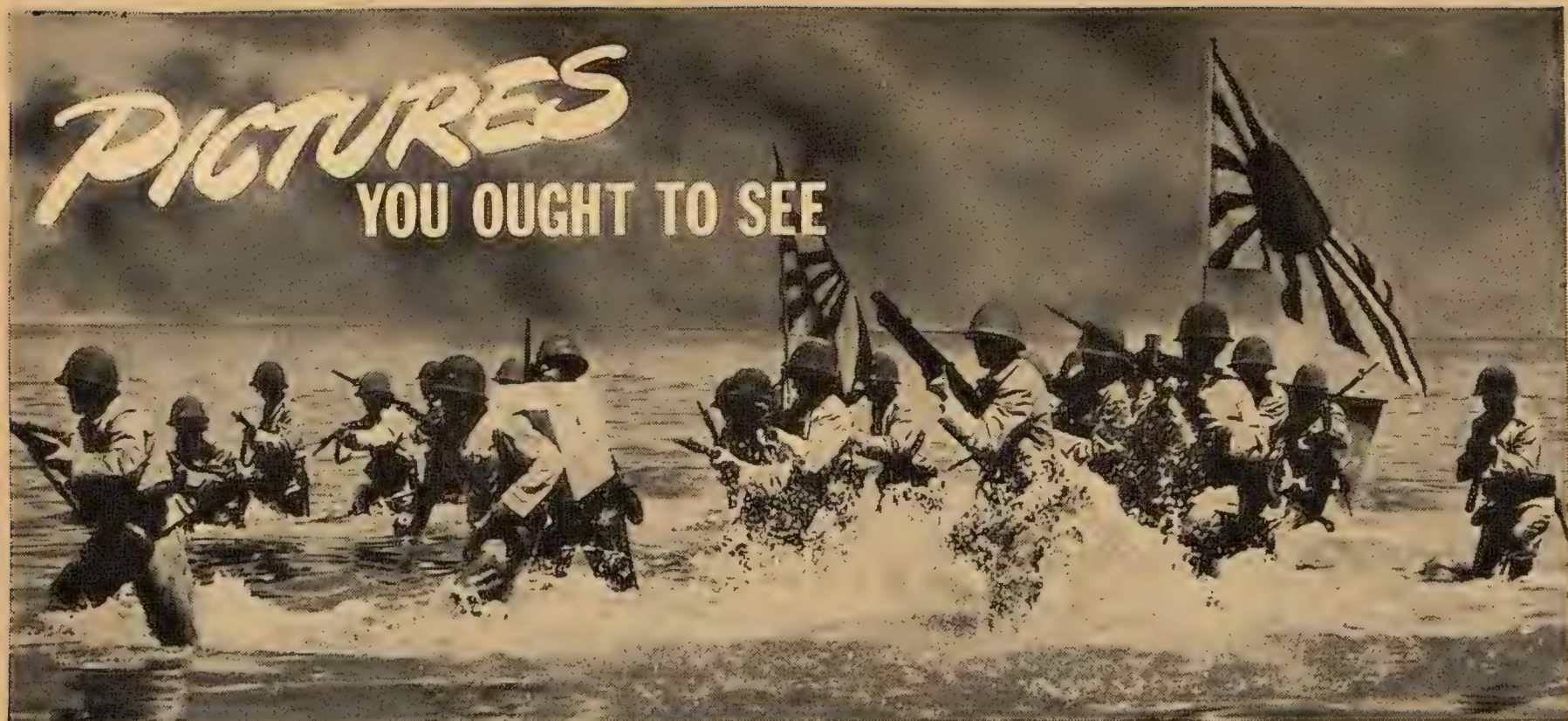
It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.



Don't Gamble
Guard against trouble from Minor Injuries—
Cuts, Burns

Scratches or Scalds. Be wise. Guard against infections which may "lay you up." Cleanse wound instantly. Then apply effective, inhibitory antiseptic OIL-O-SOL. Used for over 40 years in thousands of factories, garages, industrial first aid stations, fire departments and homes. Works two ways: combats infection; quickly helps relieve pain. Pleasant to use. Only 50¢ at your druggist's. Must satisfy you or your money back. Get **Mosso's OIL-O-SOL** today.





A Japanese landing party splashes through the surf in Wake Island, a chronicle of the magnificent bravery of our marines.

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

★★★★ **WAKE ISLAND** (for heroism and honesty)

A GREAT chapter in American history has prompted a great war picture. Wake Island celebrates the heroic defense of that Pacific outpost by a handful of marines last December. It does so with savage honesty. It is the record of a defeat, but it is a triumphant testament to the courage and resourcefulness that will smash the Axis to smithereens.

There's nothing escapist about the film. The climax is as grimly tragic and terrible as it actually was on Wake. The chances are that it will leave you cold and angry as well as emotionally shattered. But it will also leave you with a more profound faith in the things we stand for and the lengths we will go to fight for them.

Wake Island is a great motion picture, in addition to being the best war film I've yet seen. The acting is genuinely inspired. The story is staccato, unembroidered, and to the point. And the direction of John Farrow has smashing power.

The story should be so well known by every one that it scarcely requires a synopsis. While some of the individual characters may have been imagined, the plot runs straight with the military record. It opens with a major of marines galvanizing 385 men into the most dauntless force that ever faced overwhelming odds. It ends with that laconic and unforgettable last message from Wake: "The enemy has landed in force, but the result is still in doubt."

Straight human drama is highlighted throughout the proceedings to give them a tremendous range of en-

tertainment appeal. There are richly comic passages describing a present-day Quirt and Flagg. There is a chapter of epic personal heroism recounting the sinking of a Jap cruiser by one of the outmanned Wake flyers. And the section in which the marines work a modern variation of Bunker Hill strategy in a brilliant repulse of the invaders is certain to leave you shaken from sheer suspense. There is no romance and only a fleeting shot of the aviator's wife, whose death at Pearl Harbor he avenges so stirringly.

Honesty and simplicity have paid huge dividends in the treatment. The acting is utterly convincing. Brian Donlevy is perfect in the part of the hard-bitten, understanding artillery major. Robert Preston and William Bendix play the Quirt-Flagg episodes superbly, and Macdonald Carey is first-rate as the aviator.

The staging of Farrow marks that comparatively new director for big things in films. He has combined documentary reporting with human drama in a consummate blend. Nor has he forgotten to stigmatize the yellow rats of the Rising Sun, whether it's in a passage showing Kurusu passing through Wake Island on his hypocritical mission to Washington or a shot of Jap pilots machine-gunning an aviator after he has bailed out.

Wake Island is a magnificent tribute to the marines who fought way beyond human endurance on an unsheltered strip of sand in the Pacific. It is a magnificent film any way you look at it.

(Paramount.)

★★★★ **THE WAR AGAINST MRS. HADLEY** (for subtlety and eloquence)

IN striking contrast to Wake Island, this war picture has no battle scenes. And yet it's an absorbing and moving account of the civilian front

which is as vital to our war effort as fighting. Moreover, it has been made with courage and imagination. In the field of provocative propaganda it will stand way up there in the list of this year's worth-while pictures.

To a certain degree The War Against Mrs. Hadley recalls the record-breaking Mrs. Miniver. In this instance, though, the matron who dominates the action learns to be brave the hard way. Mrs. Hadley, the widow of a reactionary Washington publisher, lives in the past and refuses to face the stern realities of the moment. Stubborn and snobbish, she loses her high-spirited daughter, her spoiled son, her lifelong admirer in the War Department, and even a silly friend.

This approach to the war is certainly indirect. But it packs a wallop. For Mrs. Hadley's awakening, when she becomes aware of the self-sacrifice and suffering of others, is intensely dramatic and moving. With Fay Bainter giving a splendidly modulated performance of the central character, it is an honest and eloquent drama.

Jean Rogers is radiantly convincing as the daughter who marries a soldier who is not thought socially acceptable by Mrs. Hadley. Richard Ney is fine as the drunkard son who becomes a hero in uniform, and Edward Arnold is his usual forceful self as the big shot in the War Department. There are brilliant bits by Sara Allgood, Spring Byington, and Isobel Elsom.

The War Against Mrs. Hadley is different and invigorating. It is sound and richly rewarding entertainment. (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Bambi, The Pride of the Yankees, Mrs. Miniver, Yankee Doodle Dandy.

★★★—Tales of Manhattan, Men of Texas, The Talk of the Town, Footlight Serenade, Desperate Journey, The Pied Piper, Pardon My Sarong, The Magnificent Ambersons, The Foreman Went to France, Crossroads, Across the Pacific, The Gay Sisters, Eagle Squadron, Holiday Inn, Broadway, Ten Gentlemen from West Point, Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy, Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All.

It's good to know there are some things which the pressures
of war have not changed, and one of them is

OLD GRAND-DAD

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

It comes to you with the same high quality that made
this fine whiskey Head of the Bourbon Family.



TAX NOTE: You pay an tax
on the quality of a whiskey
—only on the quantity. Why
not choose the best?

I FIGHT WITH THE COMMANDOS

Continued from Page 13

is giving them action against the Huns now. But occasionally a man is given an R. T. U. The C. O. doesn't have to give any reason for his action. If a man somehow doesn't fit into a Commando family he's R. T. U. One bloke was quite a smoker. That in itself was all right; the trouble was, cigarettes gave him a cough. The C. O. warned him to cut out tobacco; didn't want a cough to ruin a night stunt. The fellow didn't cut it out, so he was R. T. U.

In case something should go wrong on a stunt and we should have to take to the wilderness, we are taught how to capture and skin wild animals and cook them with smokeless fire. This bit of teaching came in very handy for a Commando company in the Middle East who made a raid on Marshal Rommel's headquarters, only to find Rommel not there and to find themselves hunted relentlessly afterward. They fled to the hills and lived on berries and goat meat. The senior officer and a sergeant got separated from the others and were in the hills for forty-one days. They lived on the meat of goats that they slaughtered and on vitamin pills that they had with them.

When we say we are out on a scheme, that means we are out practicing on people friendly to us. Many times we have been assigned to attempt to overpower the guards at

Four Hun prisoners, their hands up, the leader with a white flag, are rushed to a British transport. Maaloy Island's entire Nazi garrison was killed or captured in this raid.



English war plants or to sneak through the military defenses at air-dromes. This gives us good training, and it keeps the guards on their toes. But these schemes aren't the safest things in the world. I've been bashed over the head numerous times by the butt end of some guard's gun, and shot at and narrowly missed more than once. But it's all in the day's work.

It wasn't long after my first raid on the Lofoten Islands that I was billeted in a boardinghouse in Scotland for several days. At nights I got to talking to a pretty brown-haired girl who was boarding in the same place. She worked in a munitions factory and her name was Maggie Kerr.

When we were moved to another town to practice for another stunt in Norway, I couldn't get Maggie out of my mind. So the next Sunday, which I had off, I walked thirty miles to pro-

pose to her. She accepted me, and I walked back, a very happy man indeed. A fortnight later we set the date for our wedding. It was to be in April.

There were other trips to Norway between then and April. My work was very similar to what it had been on the first stunt. Commando raids, I had learned by this time, were worked out with such precision that excitement and adventure were reduced to a minimum. Our Intelligence informed us that our work had been causing havoc among the Germans in France and in Norway. We could well understand that. The morale of a sentry certainly wasn't heightened any when at dawn he learned that the sentries on either side of him had had their throats slit, and that the C. O. in a town had been kidnapped.

Maggie and I were married in April, right on schedule, in the best Commando tradition. I was given a week off for a honeymoon. When we returned from our wedding trip, I was ordered to a distant point. All last summer and last fall I saw very little of my wife. Winter came on. We had Christmas dinner together. Maggie wanted to know if I might have to go off on a stunt soon. I said I didn't know—and indeed I didn't. When you are about to go off on a stunt you are never told of it until a minute or two before it's time to leave. That's one reason why Commando stunts are so successful. There is no time for loose talk that might result in a leak.

ON the morning of December 27 last our destroyer was anchored off the high rocky island of Maaloy, in the Vaagsö area. This was one of the most strongly fortified islands of German-occupied Norway. The Intelligence had dubbed it Little Gibraltar. But, for very sound military reasons, the Commandos were to raid it and kill or capture every one of the two hundred Huns on it, and to capture the C. O. We were to bring him—and his plans—back with us.

This was to be a dawn raid. What we were to do couldn't possibly have been done in the dark. The navy was going to lay down a barrage for us and we were going to make for the island under that cover in daylight. When we got near shore the R. A. F. was to come in and put down a heavy smoke screen for our landing parties.

Hell broke loose at the appointed



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hour. The big guns of the navy went to work, and we started for shore in our flat-bottomed boats. This time our faces were not painted black, nor our hands. That would have done no good. It was a beautiful morning.

The Germans were surprised, but they soon found their bearings. Hidden machine guns behind rocks that overlooked the water went into action—guns that we hadn't known about. But there was no turning back. Everything had been too carefully planned in advance to let something unexpected upset the applecart.

The objective of the boat I was in was a part of the rocky shore where some of the hidden guns were blazing away. The gunners were quick to catch on to where we were headed. Machine-gun bullets spattered in the water all about us. Strangely enough, not one of them hit the boat.

We drew closer—to within about three hundred yards of shore. The fire seemed to be getting a little more accurate. The navy's guns were suddenly silenced. Now the R. A. F. was coming in to lay down the smoke. I thought of Maggie. I figured I would never see her again. I didn't see how the planes could lay that smoke in time to blot us out from the view of the gunners behind the rocks.

Now the bullets began to find their mark, began hitting the bow of the boat. We crouched down, getting out of the line of fire as best we could. It seemed pretty hopeless, though. I was in the bow, and occasionally I would stick my head up to see how close to shore we were and how close the planes were to the area where they were going to lay down the smoke. No, I told myself, it wouldn't do us any good.

THEN I heard something behind me—a noise that somehow rose above the sounds of the planes and the guns on shore. I turned to see the strangest sight that I had ever beheld in my life. A major—a Scotsman—was in the rear of the boat, standing up, playing a set of bagpipes. When he saw me looking at him, he stopped playing long enough to grin and shout, "We'll make it, lads!"

Then he began to play again. The skirl of the pipes gave every one of us in that boat an unmistakable assurance. Whether the smoke screen was laid down in time or not, and no matter how good the marksmen behind the rocks, we would make it. Our boat drew in closer and closer, with the bullets somehow still missing us. The skirl of the major's pipes seemed to take on an unearthly quality. He had a strange light in his eyes. Then I noticed blood trickling down his face.

This same Commando member will tell you the rest of his electrifying story of the Pied Pipers of Vaagsö—as he calls them!—in Liberty next week. It's the firsthand story of the greatest Commando raid of the war thus far, a raid in which he personally captured fifteen armed Germans by a Sergeant York ruse.

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ROBERT FAWCETT

Now a girl starts a dangerous game to thwart a reckless woman in love—New thrills in a vivid novel of adventure in the Amazon rubber forests

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

JOHN BARTELL, assistant to Hugo Ackerson at the Toledo Rubber Company's plantation on the Amazon River, went to meet Vicky Latham at Manaos when she came to Brazil to visit her sister, Sue, Ackerson's wife.

On the four-day trip up the river with a boatman and Alfredo Colon, a Brazilian rubber expert, they came upon three natives—two dead, one wounded—who had been attacked by white men—Nazis, Bartell was sure—while they were paddling a boatload of rubber to Manaos.

Sue and Hugo welcomed Vicky to the plantation, but Sue was more interested in John. The two were in love and she wanted him to run away with her to the States. John, devoted to Hugo and feeling it his duty to stay on the job when rubber was so much needed by his country, told her their affair must end, but she insisted on visiting him in his cabin that night. While he waited for her, Vicky came for a chat. She was still there when Sue came up the porch steps.

"Are you there, John?" said Sue, before John could warn her. "Darling, where—" Then she saw her sister.

WITH a desperate urge to create some sort of explanation, John Bartell said, "If you've been worried about Vicky—"

"Don't bother, John." Vicky's voice

was low, drained of all illusion. "Sue didn't come to find me. . . . Did you, Sue?"

The darkness was shattered by two blasts of lightning before Sue found the breath to reply. She said, "No." Then her voice rose on a note of recklessness, as if she'd had enough of pretense. "No, I didn't!"

Vicky gave John a single look. Its impact was like a slap.

"I guess," she said, "it's time to go back where I belong. Coming along, Sue?"

"No."

Vicky looked at her sister through a long silence before she nodded and went down the steps. In intermittent flashes of lightning they watched her walk along the path to the Ackerson cottage. She didn't glance back.

"What—what was she doing here?" Sue whispered.

John told her, then flung out, "Sue, I begged you not to come!"

She was silent, still staring after Vicky.

"You can't stay now!" he said.

"Why? . . . Vicky already knows I'm here. And I'm not afraid of Vicky. I'm not afraid of anything any more."

"Sue, please! Go back—"

"Being afraid can't ever bring us happiness. I've wasted a whole year finding that out. When you want something badly enough—"

She turned to him.

"John—" She caught his arms. In

her subdued voice there was still a tremor of recklessness. "You've got to tell me! Do you love me?"

"Yes—good Lord, yes! But—I can't do this to Hugo."

Her arms went about his shoulders. "I'm not going to let Hugo matter any more."

"Do you think," he asked bitterly, "we can simply forget him?"

"Yes—if you take me away."

"I can't do that."

"Why don't you see things as they are, John? Hugo and I—we're not the same kind of people. I can't live the way he does—I just *can't*—as if all the fun and excitement of living happened long ago. I've got to live *now*! I'm young—young and *alive*! I can't forever stifle the fires in me and the yearning. If you knew how I've longed for you, ached for you—"

She rose on her toes, pressed her lips to his; and the hunger in her kiss was more eloquent than all her words. Twice the lightning flashed, three times, before he groped for her hands and pulled them down from his shoulders.

"No, Sue. We can't—"

"You're still afraid."

"It's not fear. It's—Hugo. Living with him, seeing those friendly eyes of his every day, being close to him and knowing that I'm pushing a knife into him—"

"Then take me away."

"No. I'm going into the jungle."

"Oh, *damn* the jungle!"

"I've got a job to do. I've got to find rubber."

"If I don't get you out of here, you'll be buried in rubber as deep as Hugo is!"

"Maybe. But I've got to go."

She stepped away from him. In a

Twice the lightning flashed, three times, before he groped for her hands and pulled them down from his shoulders. "No, Sue, we can't—"



vivid flare of lightning he saw her face, and it seemed stricken.

"What kind of man are you?" she whispered. "Haven't you the courage to take what you want?"

"Not at Hugo's expense."

"Hugo, Hugo, Hugo! . . . Don't you ever consider me?"

"Look, Sue—"

"How long do I have to throw myself at you? To humiliate myself like this?"

"Don't put it that way. I've tried to think this out intelligently. I've tried—"

"And your idea of intelligence is to send me to Hugo. It doesn't matter that I'm sick of this whole life, fed up with it, begging you to take me away. That I've waited a year for you." She reached out and slapped the door open. "Yes, you've thought it all out beautifully—for Hugo!"

She turned from him with a little cry of hopelessness and ran down the steps. In the glints of lightning John Bartell watched her run along the path to her cottage.

VICKY couldn't sleep. She sat on her cot, fully dressed, under a huge bell of mosquito netting. Her frown was fixed on the fitful lightning in the window.

When she heard Sue come in and go to her room, Vicky started to rise. But she checked the impulse. There wasn't much use in talking to Sue. She knew her sister's emotionalism too well. Sue's life was governed wholly by her feelings, not by logic. You couldn't sway her with argument, with reason.

Vicky's fingers pattered nervously on her knees. What Sue was doing filled her with shame. Hugo didn't deserve to be cheated like this. She had, too, a tremendous sense of disappointment in John Bartell. Yet that wasn't important now. Her primary thoughts were of Sue. And of Hugo. If she could do anything to save him the pain of discovering what was happening—

Through long, silent minutes Vicky looked down at her hands. And when at last she lifted her head, a hard, bright anger burned in her eyes.

There *was* something she could do. It might be ruthless, hard, and utterly cynical, but she could do it. She could take John Bartell away from Sue. . . .

It didn't matter that tonight she had suddenly come to hate John. Her own emotions needn't be involved in this at all. The only thing to be considered was this: If she could draw John away from her sister, she might avert disaster for them all.

IN the morning, when he had shaved, John put on a pair of swimming trunks. A swim before breakfast and another before supper had become not only a convention but a necessity on the *fazenda*. It was the only way of finding a few moments of relief from the unchanging heat.

With the hope of avoiding Sue and Vicky, he went out early. He didn't want to look into Sue's eyes this morning; nor into Vicky's.

Miguel Azora was passing the cottage, and he called to the boatman. "Miguel," he said, "we'll be leaving for the Juruá within a week."

"*Per Deus, senhor!*" The small brown man seemed appalled. "But we have only returned!"

"It doesn't matter. We'll go in less than a week, if we can get ready."

"There is very much work to be done here, senhor," Miguel protested.

"There is rubber to load into the *batelões*—"

"Others can do it. Tell Rafael and Desiderio to get ready."

Though Miguel was downcast, he turned away with a mumbled, "*Bom, senhor.*" He could see, in the grimness of John's expression, that argument would be futile.

John started down the slope toward the river—and paused. He wasn't the first one out for a bath. Hugo Ackerson, dripping after a swim, sat on the floating dock.

John went on slowly. In swimming trunks, Sue had once told him, he had the lithe bronzed body of an American Indian. He reached the dock and said, "Good morning, Hugo."

Hugo Ackerson looked up at him thoughtfully, as though his mind were elsewhere. "Morning, John." His gaunt figure, a thing of muscle and bone, bore the scars of several jungle wounds. His wet hair was speckled with gray. He gave John an abstracted stare and turned back to the river.

That kind of greeting was not characteristic of Hugo. Perhaps John was too sensitive today to nuances of mood; the man's attitude troubled him.

"**A**NYTHING wrong, Hugo?"

There was a moment of hesitation before Hugo Ackerson answered, "I've just had a—a talk with Sue. . . . I wish you'd sit down a minute, John. Want you to tell me something."

John sat down slowly with a sense of unease and increasing tension.

"Be honest with me," Hugo said. "You're the only man I can talk to like this. . . . Do you think I'm being cruel to Sue?"

"Cruel? How?"

"She isn't happy here. She's never been happy here. Sometimes I wonder if I ought to quit it all and take her back to the States. But then—" He shook his head. "How *can* I leave at a time like this? With this job to do? Every letter that comes from the States makes me feel the country's put a kind of sacred trust in men like you and me, men who can produce rubber. No, I can't leave. And I want Sue with me. That's the hell of it, I guess—I always want her with me."

He paused. John saw his eyes, bewildered and hurt, and he had to look away.

"And yet," Hugo continued, "I know she's starved for things she can't have here. Things I can't give her. I'd sort of hoped Vicky's coming might make her happier. But somehow it—it isn't working out that way. I have a feeling Vicky's being here makes her long for New York—for everything she gave up—more than ever."

"I watch her sometimes, and it eats



into my soul, John. I don't know what to do, what to say to her. It—it's almost like seeing a strange sickness come over some one you love—and not knowing how to help. And there are times when—I'm frightened. Like last night. When she went to your cottage."

John half rose. His head beat with sudden thunder.

But he sank back because Hugo uttered a dry little laugh and said, "Oh, I know it was nothing. Sue told me. She went out to look for Vicky. . . . Yet for a while, when I saw her from the window—John, I had some pretty agonizing thoughts. I felt all choked up and lost and helpless. I even tried to say to myself, 'If she can find a little happiness with John, I'll let her. And I'll thank heaven it's John, whom I like, and not somebody else.'"

"Look here, Hugo," John rose, shaken, and his voice was hoarse. "You can't say things like that! They're—"

"Horrible. I know. But it's what I thought. Crazy, isn't it?"

"Yes!"

Another humorless laugh came from Hugo.

"You're right, John. Last night I lost my grip for a while—that was all. It was silly. Should've known you and Sue wouldn't—couldn't—oh, hell, you know what I'm trying to say."

"Yes," John muttered. "I know."

Behind them a cheerful voice called, "*Bom dia, senhores, bom dia!*" They turned to see Alfredo Colon coming toward them in purple trunks.

Hugo rose to exchange a few words with the Brazilian, then he dropped a friendly pat on John's shoulder and went up toward his cottage. Watching him, John felt a growing sense of compassion for the man; and because the feeling was in such direct conflict with his love for Sue, it left him in torment.

Colon said brightly, "Shall we go in?"

John nodded, and turned blindly and dived into the river.

JOHN swam straight out from shore for almost a hundred yards, arms and legs beating in a swift Australian crawl. In physical action he could rid himself of tension. He turned and started back for the dock.

Halfway there he lifted his head and stopped swimming. Colon, he saw, had remained near the shore. He was having a merry time heaving himself about like a porpoise. "*Per Deus,*" he laughed, "we should spend our days here! Why can't men have the wisdom of fish?"

LOOK! I'VE BROUGHT
YOU A RING, WORM



John gave him no attention. For beyond Colon, just reaching the float, were Sue and Vicky. They were in swimming suits, tugging rubber caps over their hair.

His first twinge at the sight of them was followed by a feeling of fatalism. He realized he couldn't have avoided Sue all morning. Perhaps it was better to face her and get it over. . . .

The exquisite contours of her body never failed to make him hold his breath. Vicky, he saw, was a trifle shorter than her sister, and slimmer, but she yielded nothing to Sue in physical perfection. They dived together. There was hardly a splash.

AS he swam toward them, more slowly, he heard Sue's laughter join Alfredo Colon's. It was a little too loud, overgay. Colon said something, and they started a race. John watched them speed toward the promontory on which the plantation's two large *batelões* were beached. She hadn't even waved to him.

So, he thought with bitter amusement, *I'm being punished.*

Presently he found Vicky's head bobbing within a few feet of his own. Her hazel eyes met his. They were quite cheerful.

"Hello," she said.

He looked at her in amazement. "Hello."

"You look as if you hadn't expected me to talk."

"Hardly with a smile," he said.

"Feel as bad as all that?"

"Just aware that things have gone wrong."

Vicky stretched out lazily to float on her back. Her eyes still smiled.

"Want to do something for me, John?"

"Of course."

"Forget last night."

"Forget—?"

"Sue and I have agreed to forget it—she says it can never happen again. So why shouldn't you and I forget?"

He was silent. So Sue had said it would never happen again. He looked toward her. She and Colon, having reached the promontory, were walking out of the water; they sat to rest on a dugout, and something Colon said made her send a peal of laughter through the morning stillness.

"Well?" Vicky asked.

"All right," said John, suddenly grim. "Last night never happened."

Sue, however, had no intention of forgetting so easily. He discovered that over breakfast, on the porch of the Ackerson cottage.

Her first glance met his in a clash.

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TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN

He had never before seen her eyes so hard, so uncompromising. They struck like a blow.

After that, while they ate, her attitude became impersonal. It wasn't that she ignored John. Whenever necessary she spoke to him; offered him *farinha* and *pao* and poured his coffee. But she might have been talking to a chance visitor. He couldn't avoid writhing under her polite anger.

What made it all the worse was her exaggerated attention to Colon. As if to emphasize her feelings toward John, she laughed with the Brazilian, urged him to talk more and more of Rio. He was enjoying it immensely. Moreover, he seemed fascinated by the way sunshine glimmered in her golden hair. . . .

VICKY said abruptly, "I'd love to see the *fazenda*."

"Later in the day," Hugo promised. "I want to go over a few plans with Senhor Colon first."

"Perhaps John'll take me. . . . Won't you, John?"

John decided it would be good to get away from Sue's cold eyes. In her present mood, every minute near her was an ordeal.

"All right. We'll go after breakfast," he said.

He took her first to see the smoke-houses—leafy canopies built over stone fireplaces. Vicky's absorbed interest startled him. He had to explain in detail how the sticky white latex of the rubber tree was smoked on a revolving pole until it was hard enough to be shipped. He showed her the rubber itself in sheds—gray lumps of it the size of watermelons.

"Where does all this rubber come from?" Vicky asked. "You don't seem to have many rubber trees about."

"We haven't. We buy it from rubber gatherers. They tap wild trees in the jungle."

"So you're a sort of clearinghouse."

"In a way. Of course, we're hoping that'll change. We're planning to lay out great tracts of rubber trees of our own. That's what Colon's here to do."

"He was telling Hugo that a hundred thousand trees produced about five hundred tons of rubber a year. It doesn't seem like very much."

"Still, if we can cultivate a hundred thousand trees," John said, "we can cultivate ten times that many. And if we succeed, others will follow. The whole river will come to life."

He helped her over a few logs and they walked on toward the *caboclos'* quarters—a semicircular village of huts with thatched roofs. It was set against the jungle. Among the houses banana trees flourished and countless naked children with fat little stomachs. There were a couple of tiny monkeys that appeared to be community pets, running in and out of doors; and up in the trees parakeets criticized the settlement with a constant harangue. The women, most of them busy pulverizing *farinha* in large wooden bowls, stopped their work to grin at Vicky. She tried to talk with them, but her language was too bewildering. They could only shrug and wag their

heads. In the end she caught John's arm and gave a helpless laugh.

"I'm afraid you'll have to teach me Portuguese, John," she said.

As they walked back, her head was lowered in thought. He was conscious of her arm still in his, but it seemed so unconscious a thing that he gave it no particular attention.

Besides, he saw something then that stirred his wonder.

A dozen *caboclos* had assembled in front of Hugo's cottage. Hugo stood on the steps with Sue and Colon, talking to the men. When he saw John, he beckoned, and his frown was a warning of trouble.

"They're afraid to take any more rubber to Manaos," he said. "I told them I wanted the *batelões* to leave in two weeks."

The oldest *caboclo*—a wizened fellow in a faded blue shirt—turned to John. He was almost apologetic.

"Miguel," he explained, "says you found another rubber *batelão* sunk on the river—and the men shot."

"Ora?"

"It is dangerous business, senhor—"

"You will go armed," Hugo said. "We have rifles, and there will be six of you. What is there to fear?"

"It is not that we are cowards, senhor. But one does not like to die for a few pounds of rubber."

"We can't let the rubber rot!"

"*Nao, senhor, nao.*" Simon was distressed. "I do not know what to say. War brings so much trouble—"

Hugo spoke to John in English, with bitterness in his tones. "You can't altogether blame them. It's not their war. And they've heard some pretty bad stories. While you were gone, that British *fazenda*—the tonka-bean place—had most of its buildings burned down. Same thing happened to the Smith-Haven coffee plantation down the river. Nobody knows who started the fires, but they certainly didn't start by themselves. These men think a party of Nazi sympathizers must be going up and down the river, killing and burning, to stop supplies from going to the States."



"It's such a nice day. Won't you push the car out of the garage so we can sit in it?"

John said slowly, "They may be right."

"But our rubber has to be shipped!" Hugo sounded impatient. "I'll deliver it, if I have to take it to Manaos myself." He said to the men, "Go back to work. I'll see what is to be done."

He went off with Colon. John stood still, frowning over the thought of Nazi terrorism reaching fifteen hundred miles into the wilderness to fix itself on the *caboclos'* throats. . . .

He pulled a hand across the sweat on his forehead and went off to find Miguel Azora. He had only one job to do now—prepare for the trip into the jungle.

He worked at it for three days, packing food supplies, tents, hammocks, weapons, gifts for Indians. During those days he saw as much as always of Sue, but her attitude didn't change. She remained polite, aloof, avoiding all moments alone with him.

He might have endured that with resignation. After all, it was his own doing. What exasperated him, however, was her insistence on trying to wound him by lavishing attention on Alfredo Colon. Knowing Colon, John was certain the Brazilian would regard Sue as a new romance. She was an exquisite woman, more than encouraging. He could hardly be blamed. . . .

THE fact that Vicky was more friendly than ever hardly compensated for the anger Sue roused. There was a night when he walked about his cottage, smoking a pipe and conscious of resentment he couldn't control. Perhaps it was jealousy, but he didn't believe that was all. He had been watching Hugo; and he knew that Hugo, too, was being startled and pained by Sue's behavior. If there were a way to stop her, he thought—

But he couldn't see any. He went to bed with the hope that she'd tire of the game. Surely, after he left for the jungle she'd have no further incentive to hurt him. And by that time Colon would be away most of the day, seeking land to clear for rubber trees. Yes, things ought to change when he left.

He finally fell asleep on that hope.

It wasn't quite four o'clock in the morning when he was roused by a hand violently shaking his shoulder.

"John!" Vicky cried. "John!"

He blinked his eyes open to see her bending over him. In a weird red light that poured through the window he saw her slim figure, a wrap of some sort thrown over her pajamas.

"The boats and the sheds," Vicky gasped. "They're on fire!"

John sprang up. For an instant he found himself holding Vicky. Her face was close to his, her eyes wild.

"I woke Hugo first—" she began.

He jerked up his head to stare at the window. Outside, the flames were reaching high into the darkness.

Is this more sabotage? Will it keep John from leaving? Will Vicky succeed in her plan to take him away from Sue? Follow this dramatic story next week!

ROOSEVELT AS I SEE HIM

Continued from Page 32

social reform. In the spring of 1911 occurred the disastrous Triangle Factory fire in New York City, which gave birth to the Factory Investigating Committee and the ensuing reforms which made reputations for Al Smith and Bob Wagner. On these matters Roosevelt stood side by side with Smith and Wagner. But he continued to fight Murphy and Tammany on other issues.

Already Roosevelt was keenly interested in conservation. With the advice of Gifford Pinchot, he began modernizing the fish and game statutes of the state and persuaded the Legislature to establish a new state conservation commission. Thus in his record at Albany can be seen the outline of his political platform of later years: social reform, laws to aid organized labor and the farmers, and conservation of natural resources.

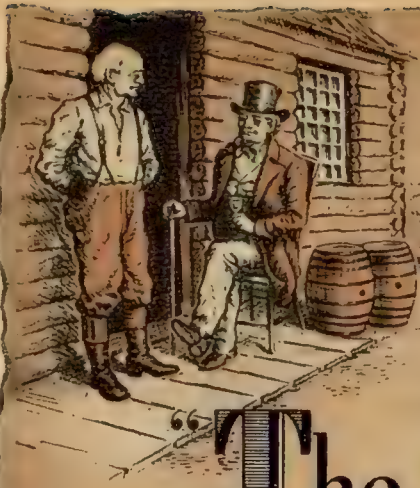
In at least one respect, however, the outline did not hold true. In the New York Legislature Roosevelt acquired a reputation as an advocate of economy in government expenditures. It was perhaps not highly deserved, as it rested on a single incident. He lightly violated a hallowed rule of politics by opposing an appropriation for a public improvement in his home county of Dutchess. This unorthodox behavior prompted a Republican senator to say: "The senator's remarks should be engrossed on parchment and presented to him to hand down to his descendants." Big Tim Sullivan's private comment to Roosevelt was: "Frank, you ought to have your head examined."

THE experience in the Legislature settled Roosevelt's future in his own mind. He had proved his capacity for popular leadership—which includes the art of getting elected to office. He was crazy about public life. Naturally, with a Democratic administration coming into power under a President whose nomination he had worked for with no small effect, his thoughts turned to Washington. Three days before Wilson's inauguration, William Gibbs McAdoo, who was to be the new Secretary of the Treasury, offered Roosevelt a choice of two jobs. One was Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and the other Collector of the Port of New York. Roosevelt said he was not interested. He had his heart set on another post—one which T. R. had held and which was in the very field that had excited Franklin's interest since childhood. That afternoon he ran into Josephus Daniels.

"Don't you want to be Assistant Secretary of the Navy?" Daniels asked.

Promptly and emphatically Roosevelt replied: "I do!"

Next week Allan Nevins, historian and biographer, accounts for Roosevelt's achievements in World War I as Assistant Secretary of the Navy.



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esteem as did Daniel Webster. » » » »*

BOTTLED IN BOND

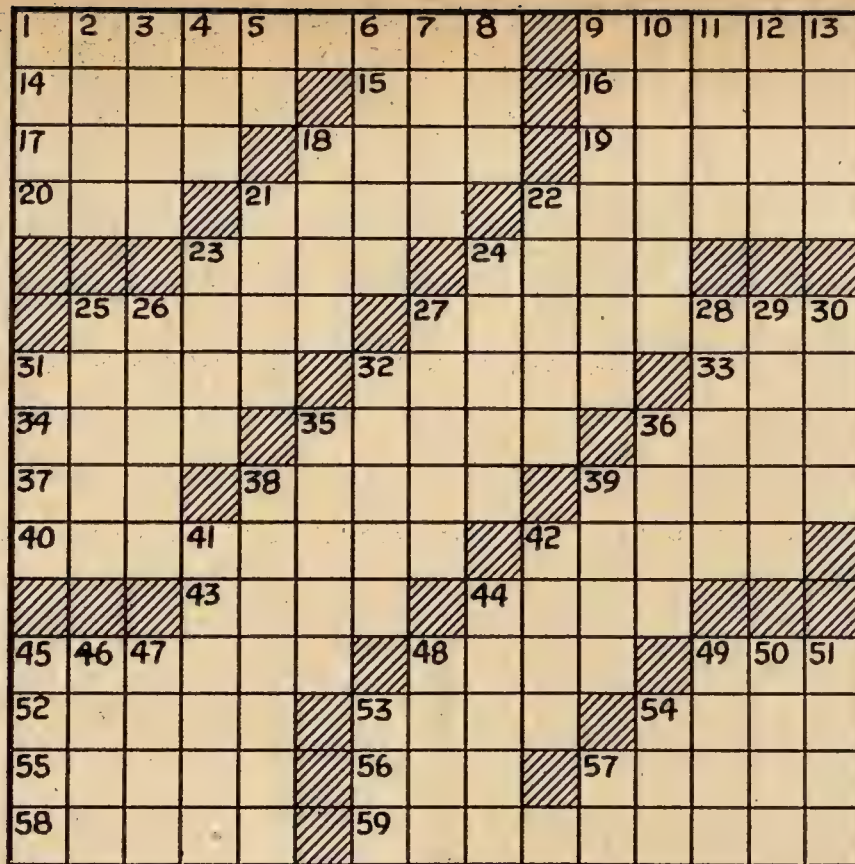
Bourbon or Rye

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • 100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corp., N. Y.



CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



- HORIZONTAL**
- 1 Cry of the Army and Navy over distant goals this fall
 - 9 One equals a couple of lieutenants
 - 14 Harsh irritant
 - 15 It's not what you are, it's --- you are! (Cynic!)
 - 16 How few Germans will leave Russia
 - 17 United Frontiersman
 - 18 Twitch, twitch, twitch; jerk, jerk, jerk (ad infinitum)
 - 19 Cabell wrote of one in grandpa's neck
 - 20 Wise
 - 21 Jalopy with the jitters
 - 22 Horatiuses' swimming holes
 - 23 Hopsi-cola
 - 24 The first of Caesar's oft-quoted boast
 - 25 The wrinkled nose emotion
 - 27 What Culbertson does to make good with a couple of queens

- 31 This is pretty tricky
- 32 Brooklyn Lord Chesterfields
- 33 Idyllic Lily Inhalers (abbr.)
- 34 You've got to have this before you can
- 35 Underdogs of the boudoir
- 36 This'd make a nice tie for Tojo
- 37 Intelligent Lotus Assimilators (abbr.)
- 38 First thing Junior Miss does to a clean dress
- 39 Hitch your wagons to these tars, fellows! (abbr.)
- 40 What the pharaohs would like to get off their chests
- 42 What sunken U-boat commanders have on the brain
- 43 The fiddlin' fool
- 44 It's getting a little thin on top; can't go through many more revolutions
- 45 Glurg, glurg, glurg — splferrrrsh!
- 48 A kick in the pants (prohibition)
- 49 It's a riot!
- 52 "I'm not going to like this ----," cried the misogynist shipwrecked among Amazons
- 53 Just a drip
- 54 Hot stuff in the Pacific
- 55 What an Indian wears to keep his wigwam
- 56 Keyhole appliance for removing dirt
- 57 Light drinker
- 58 Charlie McCarthy's

- wooden-headed pal
- 59 This contains more bones than the human body
- VERTICAL**
- 1 Vittle chassis
 - 2 How greaseballs rise in Brooklyn
 - 3 Shows a bulldog strain in the face
 - 4 About all spinsters ever get
 - 5 It's just 30 by the clock
 - 6 Landlord type
 - 7 Original accelerator
 - 8 No-word
 - 9 Leathernecks
 - 10 Likely stories
 - 11 St. Vitus' dance music.
 - 12 What I wish the war were
 - 13 Dips
 - 18 Smart's a whip
 - 21 Member of the Whacks
 - 22 Homes for war babies
 - 23 He leaves you open-mouthed (yawning)
 - 24 They have a lot of hangers-on that get winy after you squeeze 'em
 - 25 Lemon-lipped
 - 26 The burning thing about Churchill's eyes
 - 27 Axes a tree and yells "Timber-r!"
 - 28 Dumb Dora's brain pan
 - 29 The Man in the Mail-Order Suit
 - 30 Puts it away in little slugs
 - 31 A "Woman is a flood of loveliness

- dam her!"
- 32 The guy with the funny scale
 - 35 It's got mohair than I
 - 36 Great German invention
 - 38 Played a rotten tune on the olfactory organ
 - 39 Kind of tax toads should pay
 - 41 Hook-worm enthusiast

- 42 It takes a fraction of a second to do— and a lifetime to undo
- 44 Arthur hung one over Guinivere's eye for dinner
- 45 Gangsters' favorite means of expression
- 46 A couple of Vs make what? (two words)
- 47 It's always hanging around jails and making nasty

- chokes
- 48 Apple with a goiter
 - 49 Household necessity (fem.)
 - 50 A prepo
 - 51 How most men come into and leave this world
 - 53 Common form of transportation
 - 54 Drop a fowl ball
 - 57 Cockeyed Experts (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

SCAR DATUM BASS
TONE ALONE ANEW
IMITATE IDEA MI
REMOVE STAR AIM
ARE FEELERS
WATT SLED MOPED
IRE PLAN HISSE
NO GROW HATE RA
ESPRIT VILE PIG
SERUM TIRE ARES
ABALONE AGE
BAY TAME SCAPED
AM SETA OPERATE
RIPE ETUDE IRON
EDEN ROPED CENT

Last week's answer

DON'T LET INHALING WORRY YOU.

**ALL SMOKERS SOMETIMES
INHALE—BUT YOUR THROAT
NEEDN'T WORRY!**

There's a cigarette that is proved better for you . . . even when you do inhale!

Read these facts reported by eminent doctors who compared the leading popular brands . . . that:

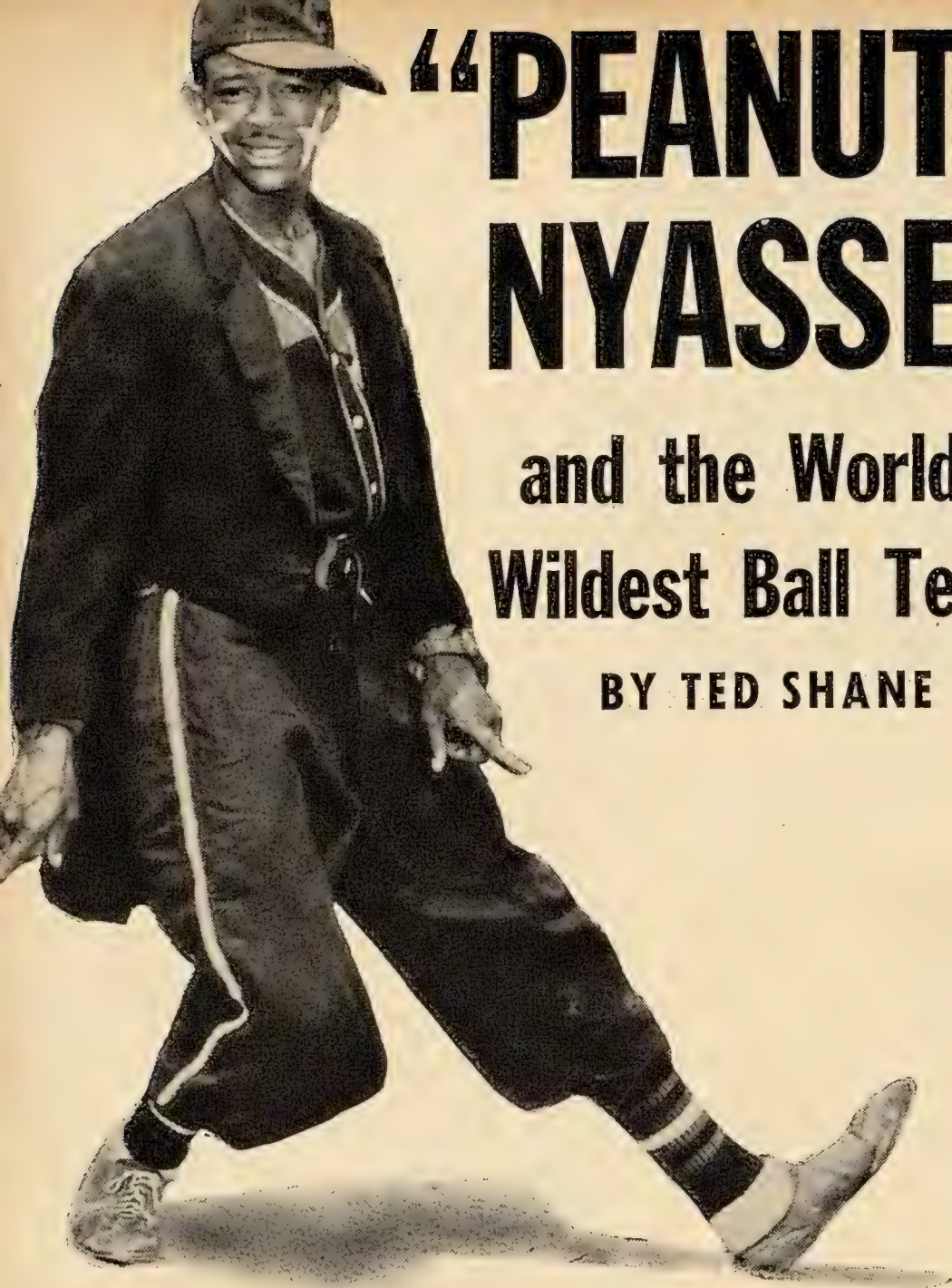
SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

Real protection—added to your enjoyment of PHILIP MORRIS' finer tobaccos. No worry about throat irritation even when you inhale!



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FINEST
CIGARETTE!**



"PEANUTS" NYASSES

and the World's Wildest Ball Team

BY TED SHANE

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

IN the dignified precincts of St. Louis' Sportsman Park one day last summer a long, loose, lugubrious colored gentleman in a cutaway and a plug hat stepped to the plate. The bases were loaded. Bang!—and he sent a ball zooming off the pitcher's shins.

Promptly the runner on first cut straight across the diamond for third, the gent on third headed for first, while the man on second dashed straight for the plate. Instead of sprinting for first, the batter legged it Corrigan-style for third—then kept right on for second. Meanwhile his teammates, faces chalked and in clown-colored uniforms, rushed from their dugout and with sympathetic cries began massaging and applying shinguards to the legs of the dumfounded pitcher.

What under heaven, you may ask, is going on?

Well, when you see Peanuts Nyasses and his screwballs of pasture pool—known en masse as the Miami-Cincinnati Ethiopian Clowns—play ball, these are exactly the sort of horsehide shenanigans you pays your money for to see, and are extremely annoyed if you don't. Last year Peanuts was pitching and clowning against Brooklyn's famed Dexter Park Bush-

wicks—with considerable success. This so irked the Bushwicks that their manager demanded the umpires force Peanuts to cut the comedy and play ball. Result—heartfelt boos from the stands.

The Clowns are currently the colored sensation of independent baseball. With their flashy support, Peanuts claims but five losses in 206 games in four years. Last year he pitched thirty-seven scoreless innings against the great Satchelfoots Paige, best Negro pitcher of all time. In other words, Peanuts Nyasses is currently the best pitcher in Negro baseball.

He was born, not in the African bush but in the N'Orleans fish-fry belt, on August 26, 1917, and was baptized Edward A. Davis. His first job was to pack peanuts in bags at the Jackson, Mississippi, Southeastern League ball park just seventeen years ago. Graduating from the Jackson High School, he debuted in baseball with the Gobbers Grade-8 Feed Company of Jackson, playing any position except catcher against other commercial colored teams.

One day in 1937 a strange collection of colored players came to Jackson to play the Gobbers. They were the Zulu Cannibal Giants. Stripped to the waist, their faces chalked, they dashed about in bare feet and Hawaiian grass skirts, hooting and clowning their

way through the game—meanwhile playing excellent ball. They made fools of the poor Gobbers. That is, until Peanuts took charge. When all the Jackson hurlers were pasted out of the box, the Gobbers' manager sent him in. Equipped with a blazing fast ball, a gift for pantomime, and a bag of peanuts, he mixed all three. It resulted in his becoming a full-fledged member of the Zulu Giants for sixty dollars a month and all the hot dogs he could eat. When the Zulu Giants folded, he joined the Louisville Black Spiders, summering with them in the ball park and wintering as a baggage pitcher in a New Orleans hotel.

In 1938 a lunatic outcropping of the Zulu Giants, calling themselves the Miami Ethiopian Clowns, passed through Louisville. Peanuts outgagged and outpitched this comedy aggregation, and again he wound up with it—this time as star knockabout and pitcher. A small financial deal accompanied this change. Pop Coons, manager of the Spiders, refused Peanuts permission to jump to the Clowns unless he paid back ten dollars he owed the club. Pop has been kicking himself ever since. "Ah could easily have got \$100 for Peanuts," he mourns.

Rechristened Peanuts Nyasses, he literally pitched and clowning his way to stardom. Let us go backstage and study the technique by which he's made himself the Showboat King of Baseball, as he modestly dubs himself.

SUMMONED to the rubber to start the game, Peanuts is invariably discovered snoozing somewhere in the stands. Half asleep, he warms up, his arm as loose as a goose's neck. Suddenly he is whipping them in with the zip of something shot from a Garand. After such goonishness, what batter can be sure of what will be projected from behind his size-16 shoe?—especially since Peanuts has a habit of waving his teammates to sit down behind him while he proceeds to fan you with the world's weirdest change-of-pace ball.

During double-headers, when he isn't pitching Peanuts installs himself as third-base coach decked out in ancient cutaway and silk katy, mocking opponents with burlesques of their play. Now and then he climbs into the stands for a chat and to share your goobers. Comes a tight spot in the game, Peanuts invariably signals to the stands to have himself sent in as pinch hitter. Invariably the stands chant: "We want Peanuts!"

Shuffling agonizingly to the plate, his eyes rolling and knees knocking in terror of the other pitcher's speed, he usually comes through with a well placed bingle. Then, calling time, he climbs into the stands either to give his autograph or collect a bet from some spectator who has foolishly wagered he wouldn't hit.

He has some standard routines, good for mere belly laughs. He and a companion will row unexpectedly on the diamond in an imaginary canoe, fish with a bat. Peanuts will be pulled overboard by a bite, go down three



Sent in as pinch hitter, Peanuts will usually come through with a well placed bingle.

times, and get himself revived with artificial respiration—spurting a mouthful of concealed water for a topper. Umpires, of course, are his dish. He delights the customers by creeping up on an umpire with bat in hand and feigned murder in his eye—to play innocent when the ump suddenly whirls around and catches him at it. After a disputed pitch, he'll present an ump with a pair of eyeglasses. On the bases he is just a colored card. With another man on base with him, he will start either a bullfight or a long-distance crap game.

Today, his puzzling, clowning, crowd-milking style and timing at perfection, he is probably one of the highest paid Negro players in baseball. His original sixty dollars plus hot dogs has swelled considerably—and may go still higher. Because he pitched the Clowns to victory in the Denver Post Annual Invitation Semi-pro Tournament last year—incidentally helping draw in three games 6,000 more fans than the 24,000 the Denver team of the Western League drew in forty-three home stands at the same park—this spring Peanuts wrote his own ticket. He held out four times before he signed. While he may shuffle physically, he doesn't mentally.

This season Peanuts has had six separate offers to jump the Clowns for other Negro major-league teams. But he has refused them all. He knows he'd be out of place with a serious team. As co-owner Syd Pollock puts it: "Peanuts needs the Clowns and they need him."

Nevertheless, behind the grease paint and the laughter Peanuts has his share of headaches. Chief weakness is his unfortunate fondness for ponies and African golf balls. "Ah was bo'n medium bad luck," he sighs in his slow drawl, "and have never lost over \$179 or won over \$500 in mah financial investments!" Peanuts, in other words, is usually broke, and at the time of writing he had already tapped his

staggering salary for two months' advance! Incidentally, he has a wife and a little daughter, Wilmer Gene Davis, who live in Jackson.

And there is the matter of the bus. All his life Peanuts has had to travel in buses. Usually they've been weary old jaloppies with athlete's phutt, which he and his fellow players have had to take turns driving, repairing, or pushing to garages. Though the bus the Clowns now travel in is a \$5,000 ex-Greyhound, and though they make enough to afford a real chauffeur to pilot them around, still somehow the old road hog is often too ailing or tired to make the next stand.

During the season Peanuts averages about twenty hours of sleep a week—and this of the half-vertical variety on the bus's reclining chairs. For directly after a game he often has to climb into the bus in his uniform and hotfoot it

to the next town, usually from 300 to 400 miles away. "Ah git so," Peanuts explains, "Ah cain't sleep hahzontal no more! Jes' the same, sleep doan' do you no good. Las' year we come to New York to play the Bushwicks. It rained fo' two days, so we slep' fo' two days. Ah never did get in the groove. Ah pitched good—but Ah jes' didn't get the laughs!"

Except for his little excursions onto the African golf courses, Peanuts leads a Baptist life. Winters he plays some professional basketball, lives quietly in Jackson, Mississippi. His driving ambition is to own a giant bowling alley some day. At present this is but a dream, for Hunter Campbell, the Clowns' colored promoter and part owner, has tried vainly to preach thrift to Peanuts, who, he says, is "a human financial sieve."

Meanwhile the driving ambition of Syd Pollock, sad-eyed white co-owner of the Clowns, is some day to convince big-league moguls there is a place in the major leagues for a team like the Clowns. Pollock is firmly convinced that his beloved Clowns, given a little genuine sleep in Pullmans and some decent food, could—with Peanuts in the box—give the Yanks and Dodgers something to think about. "But try and get a line in the New York papers about Peanuts!" he sighs.

We were seated in Pollock's cramped office in his simple home in Tarrytown, New York. A special delivery interrupted our talk. It was from Peanuts, asking a twenty-five-dollar advance. "Nothing doing," said Pollock firmly. Then he read on: "He says he has a great idea. Wants to walk three batters on purpose—then strike out the next three! Say"—and Pollock's tired eyes suddenly awoke and lit up—"wouldn't that be something! Peanuts Nyasses walks Hassett, Rolfe, and Henrich to strike out DiMaggio, Keller, and Gordon!" And I watched his hand reach slowly for his checkbook.

THE END



A ball team like this one, the Miami-Cincinnati Ethiopian Clowns' co-owner Syd Pollock is firmly convinced, could give the Yankees and the Dodgers something to think about.

TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

FOR a long time podiatrists have told us we ought to take care of our feet because we might need them some day, and sure enough the podiatrists were right. Now we don't ride everywhere we go. To save gas for victory we are up on our toes, walking to beat the Axis heels, and we ought to take better care of our feet than ever before. I have footwise advice for you from a man who has put in seventeen years looking after the hard-worked hoofs of professional dancers, actresses, platform speakers. Their feet must be in prime shape all the time. Horace D. Worrell, Broadway podiatrist, conditions the tootsies of such celebrities as ballerina Ruth Boris, stage star Gertrude Lawrence, singer Vivienne Segal, lecturer Eve Curie, ace detective Johnny Broderick. . . . "Excepting the heart," says Horace Worrell, "the feet perform more labor than any other part of the body. They need rest and attention. Use warm water and soap, followed always by a cold spray. Brush the nails hard. Dry your feet thoroughly, and massage them. Change shoes and stockings as often as you can—at least once a day. In selecting stockings, watch out for allergies you may have to certain kinds of artificial silk. If you wear high heels in the evening, don't wear them in the daytime. Go barefoot on soft rugs; never on wooden floors. Splinters. Be careful getting up in the dark to answer the phone. A girl can break a toe that way, and it's no fun."

Columnist Damon Runyon has observed that the navy, for all its boat riding, gives equal, if not superior, care than does the army to its men's feet. Horace Worrell was in the navy during the first World War.

A NEWSPAPER story that crops up year after year is the one about the artificial leg, complete with stocking and shoe, found in a railway-station waiting room without trace of the owner. It happened recently at Boston. Though skeptical readers may be inclined sometimes to reject the abandoned-leg story as a journalistic fake, I have knowledge of an actual

case involving a woman. She was a carnival acrobat who had lost a limb in an accident. Her scalawag husband, running away from her, took her artificial leg along to prevent her from following him. Police caught him trying to pawn it, yet she wouldn't bring charges against him. "He might have thrown it away," she said, "then I wouldn't have got it back. I don't want him back, the rat—but I'm thankful to have my leg again. Any kind of a leg is worth more than a runaway man."

IF you like mental experiments, read this book on telepathy, *Thoughts Through Space*, by Sir Hubert Wilkins and Harold Sherman. (The Creative Age Press.)

LETTER from a small-town Kansas girl soon to wed a lieutenant and join the young married set at his army post: "Will I need any special accomplishments," she asks, "to be a social success there?" . . . No, nothing special; but it'll help if you're a fair dancer, a competent bridge player, a penny-wise shopper, and modestly smart about making yourself liked by the higher-up officers and their wives.

TWO timely gadgets: . . . For industrious knitters of warm wear for fighters there's a new plastic counter that slips easily over your needle, counts rows in red numerals, stitches in black. Guides shaping, checks patterns, holds stitches, and costs 10

cents. . . . A boon to wives keeping house in units of war-workers' homes without much closet space is the new shelf box with a front flap that opens from top to bottom, so you can get things in or out and not disturb other things on the shelf. Made of sweet-scented California redwood, costs \$2.98.

LIFE has played a strange trick on a strikingly beautiful lady of my acquaintance. Married at nineteen, she had a daughter the first year, after which she had no more children. Preserved her beauty so well that she and her daughter, who also married early, appear more like sisters. But the daughter has had eight babies, in the most rapid sequence possible. "I know it's stylish to look as young as I do with a grandchild or two or even three," complains the lovely lady; "but with eight, I'm a positive freak! People laugh at me!"

NOW in early autumn come the heydays for lovers of mushrooms, which are plentiful at this season and comparatively cheap. Here is a savory *Mushroom Goulash*, an unusual treat, to take advantage of the market: . . . Slice 1 large onion and brown in 3 tablespoons hot butter or butter substitute. Add 1 pound sliced mushrooms, 1 heaping tablespoon paprika, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, pepper and salt. Cook gently for 10 minutes, dredge with flour, add 1½ cups sour cream and bring to boil. Serve with mashed potatoes and sausage cakes.



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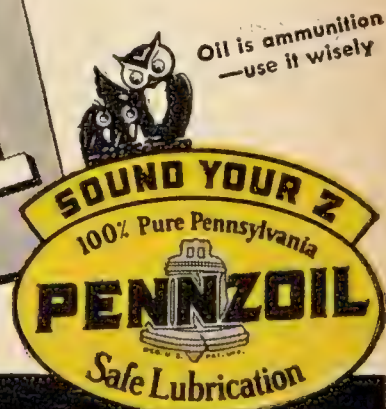
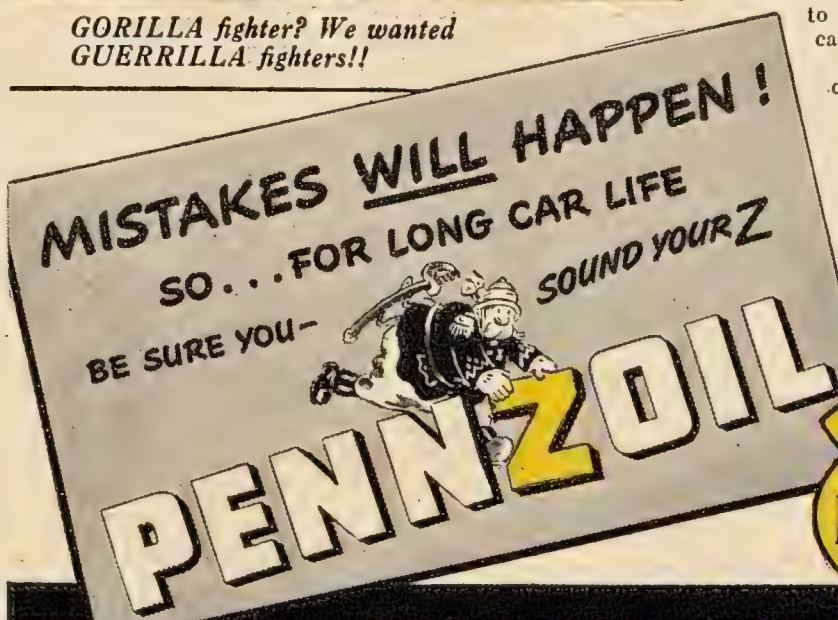
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Please send me your booklet on PSORIASIS.

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YOU ITCHY?**

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SANEK
NECK STRIPS

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"Voice of the People"

WHAT DO THE REST OF YOU THINK?

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Let's do have lotteries—national ones to pay the war debt.

Let's have a drawing once a month—\$2 tickets, prizes no larger than \$5,000, with lots of prizes for \$500.

I'll just bet that the national debt would look right puny in a few months' time.—*Alberta Delter*.

WASHINGTON, N. C.—We are the "gamblingest" people on earth. We gamble for money with cards, dice, slot machines, roulettes, wheat, corn, stocks and bonds, oil, gold, scrap iron, labor, medicine, insurance on human lives, and so on *ad nauseam*. Yet our legislators, after clipping off a few more coupons, piously turn around and pass laws clamping down on a few card games, claiming that it is far more dishonorable to lose your shirt at stud poker than in the stock market.

The country is already divided into Congressional districts. What would be simpler than to sell "bondies" of, say, one dollar? The government would keep 90 per cent and put up 10 per cent for prizes prorated on the sales in each district, and then mature the bonds in ten years. That would let somebody win in each

district, and believe me, brother, who wouldn't pay a dollar for a chance at, say, \$5,000 every month? Morgenthau could close up the Tax Office and go fishing, and tell the boys to grab shovels to handle the dough. Right?—*J. E. G.*

HOLLYWOOD, FLA.—Not a single tenable reason exists for our neglect to establish a national- or state-controlled lottery. I'm for it.—*O. T. Frash*.

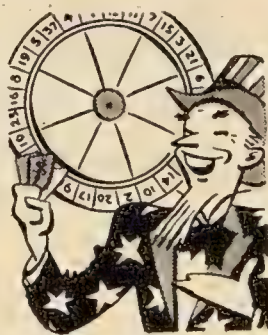
LAKE PLACID, FLA.—Have been for years an advocate of a national lottery, but our esteemed (?) Congress has held up its hands in holy horror and sidestepped action which would be of great financial benefit and also reduce the many gambling games which corrupt local police courts, etc.—*F. G. Baldus*.

TACOMA, WASH.—Do away with all pin-ball machines and other (de)vices of gambling and let us have something worth while that we *know* will give us a chance at getting a fair return for our money.—*Harold R. Price*.

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—Legalized lotteries sure would roll in the money, also check certain other gambling income that is really harmful.

I am sure people would be astonished at the large amount taken in despite the limited amount any one person would spend. There are a lot worse evils, believe me.—*O. H. B.*

WAVERLY, KAN.—By all means, let's have a legalized lottery.—*Dr. H. B. Smith*.



THEY BOTH LOOK
SWELL TO US

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Enclosed is a picture from the June 27, 1942, issue of Liberty. Pardon me—but isn't the gorgeous lady Marlene Dietrich instead of Tallulah Bankhead?—M. L. H.



CORONADO, CALIF.—Hey! What's the idea of giving us a picture of Marlene Dietrich and calling her Tallulah Bankhead?—George D. Lewis III.

Lots of people were fooled by that photo—including yours truly. However, the Art Department swears that it is Tallulah, not Marlene.—VOX POP EDITOR.

IS THERE ANY ONE WHO DOESN'T LIKE HER?

SEATTLE, WASH.—Unknown except by an army post-office number, we were content with our lot. Everything was very peaceful. We were on speaking terms with each other. The chow was as good as to be expected.

All this was true until we received the July 13 copy of Liberty. There on the cover was all a man could ask for. A picture of a young lady that at once started to undo all the inner peace we had built up within ourselves. If there is any justice left in a very topsy-turvy world, you will at once brush aside the horrible, yea, the appalling injustice you have done her by calmly hiding her under a four-word description—Cover by Preston Duncan.

Why the censorship? Must we here go on forever thinking of that hauntingly beautiful face as just a "Cover by Preston Duncan"? Come, come! Do your share to bring our peace of mind back. Please, at some future date, have more of her. Her entire dossier, with all the pertinent facts.

A short article of a few thousand pages should cover the subject.

Do you suppose that Duncan has somewhere around his studio the same picture? If he can find it in his heart to do his share to win this war, by all means send it to us here. Make it air mail, huh?—Maynard M. Missall, Jr., 1st Lt., C. A. C.

BUT THEY'RE ALL IN THE SECOND DIVISION

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—E. D. Lambright of Tampa, Florida, says (August 8 Vox Pop) "your ignorance is amazing." I love to blast a know-it-all. Mr. Lambright says that "Florida is the only grapefruit-producing state in which major-league clubs train."

Has he never heard of California or the Athletics, Pirates, and Cubs?—J. J. O'Connell.

WELCOME TO THE GANG, LIEUTENANT

MACON, GA.—I never did get much chance to read Liberty before, but now I am a confirmed rooter.—Lieut. Mel Wayne, Cochran Field.

OH, WE KNEW IT ALL ALONG

AMARILLO, TEX.—Did Liberty finally wake up and realize Texas was really on the map?

Congratulations on your full page, Liberty Salutes Texas. It's really something every Texan will be proud of.—C. E. L.

VOX POPPERS ARE THE CLEVEREST PEOPLE!

THE DALLES, ORE.—Have gone L. A. J. (August 15 Vox Pop) one better and used about twenty titles to compose a letter, which follows:

Just between ourselves we can do without the war babies again, even in Congress. And now we come to the farmer.

Can bombings make Germany quit this man's war on time? Job for an uncle.

To the ladies living—Liberty's book tip. Here come the flying tigers.

Liberty's Short Short—the last time I saw you, girl o' war, twenty questions, stories, public opinion, crosswords.—Vern O. Clifford.

O. K.—IF V + S DOESN'T MEAN "VERY SCARCE"

FORT DODGE, IA.—

Originally	\$
Then	\$
Again	\$
Why not	\$

Easy, isn't it?—Will T. Hooper.

CONGRATULATIONS— YOU'RE IN!

EDMESTON, N. Y.—But oh, how I wish I were among them immortals who have crashed them thar barriers and made Liberty's portals.—G. D. V. Cise.

YESSIR! FARMERS ARE MIGHTY IMPORTANT

MALAD CITY, IDA.—The farm block may sound unreasonable to those who do not understand farm problems, but unless through their efforts farmers can get equality and somewhere near the same standard of living as business and labor, then not only agriculture will suffer but those of every other class.

We out in the hills of Idaho read Liberty, and we are glad that you in the great city of New York have recognized some of our problems.—Edward Woozley.

GOO

STOP

HESSON GUARD

NO GOO CAN PASS

HESSON GUARD

IT'S CUSHION SEALED

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Spotless

NO MATTER HOW OFTEN YOU SMOKE IT

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SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will call.

POLICY PAYS

Hospital Expenses for Sickness or Accident up to
\$540.00

Doctor Expense up to
\$135.00

Loss of Time from Work up to
\$300.00

Loss of Life
\$1000.00

...And other valuable benefits.

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. L2-9A, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3¢ A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

TELETYPE TIPS

Advice from inside Washington on trends that will affect our daily lives.

FEDERAL AUTHORITIES ARE DEVELOPING SWEEPING NEW PLAN TO INSURE YOUR HAVING ADEQUATE MEDICAL AND DENTAL CARE FOR THE DURATION. OVER 50 PER CENT OF THE NATION'S DOCTORS AND DENTISTS WILL BE IN ARMED SERVICES BEFORE YEAR IS OUT. THIS MEANS ONLY ONE DOCTOR WILL BE AVAILABLE FOR EVERY 8,000 PERSONS. PROBABLE EFFECT WILL BE THAT DOCTORS WILL LIMIT CALLS ON YOU AT HOME, WITH INCREASED USE OF CLINIC FACILITIES REPLACING MORE LUXURIOUS PERSONAL CARE.

IF YOU LIVE ON THE ATLANTIC COAST YOUR GASOLINE RATION WILL PROBABLY BE SLASHED AGAIN IN A FEW WEEKS. ESTIMATES VARY ON EXTENT OF SLASH. NEED FOR FACILITIES TO TRANSPORT FUEL OIL IS RESPONSIBLE....OFFICE OF DEFENSE TRANSPORTATION WORKING ON PLAN TO REQUISITION PRIVATE AUTOS FOR GOVERNMENT USE.

YOU WILL BE EATING MUCH MORE FROZEN FOODS AFTER JANUARY 1 TO SAVE CANNING LABOR AND CUT DOWN TRANSPORTATION REQUIREMENTS. INDUSTRY PLANS TO INCREASE PACKING FROZEN FOODS UP TO 25 PER CENT IN NEXT TWELVE MONTHS.

IF YOU ARE A HOUSEWIFE, GOVERNMENT BEGS YOU REFRAIN HOARDING MATERIALS AND GOODS WHICH ARE BECOMING SCARCE. SURVEYS OF HOARDING IN OTHER WARTIME COUNTRIES PROVE VAST WASTE IS SOLE RESULT. SHORTAGES ARE OCCURRING PRINCIPALLY IN PERISHABLE PRODUCTS WHICH ARE ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP FOR ANY LENGTH OF TIME IN PRIVATE HOMES. IT IS COSTLY AND UNPATRIOTIC TO HOARD.

GOVERNMENT SURVEYS REVEAL YOU WILL NOT FEEL REAL SHORTAGE IN CLOTHES, SHOES, AND FURNITURE FROM DEPARTMENT-STORE SHELVES FOR ABOUT FOUR MONTHS. IF YOU LIVE IN RURAL AREAS, SUPPLY PROBLEMS WILL BE EASIER BECAUSE OF LARGE INVENTORIES PILED UP DURING LAST YEAR BY SMALL STORES.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

ALAN HYND, WHO COMES INTO THIS ISSUE (page 9) as amanuensis of one of the most stirring chronicles of the war, surprised us the other day with a story about Liberty's Sports Editor, Bill Cunningham. "I'd kinda like to do a piece about Cunningham—again," he said. "Again?" we asked. . . . It seems that some years ago Hynd had his first job on the Boston Post and Cunningham was getting himself talked about as the All-America center at Dartmouth. One day, in a hotel lobby, Bill was introduced to a girl. Being in a hurry, he dashed away. He wrote the lady a note of apology—and carried it around for a year until he got her address and mailed it, with another note explaining why he was so long in writing. A correspondence sprang up, and one day Bill picked up a phone and mentioned marriage. Back from Massachusetts to Texas, Bill's home, came a voice saying "yes." Bill jumped the next train north and wired the lady to meet him in South Station, Boston.

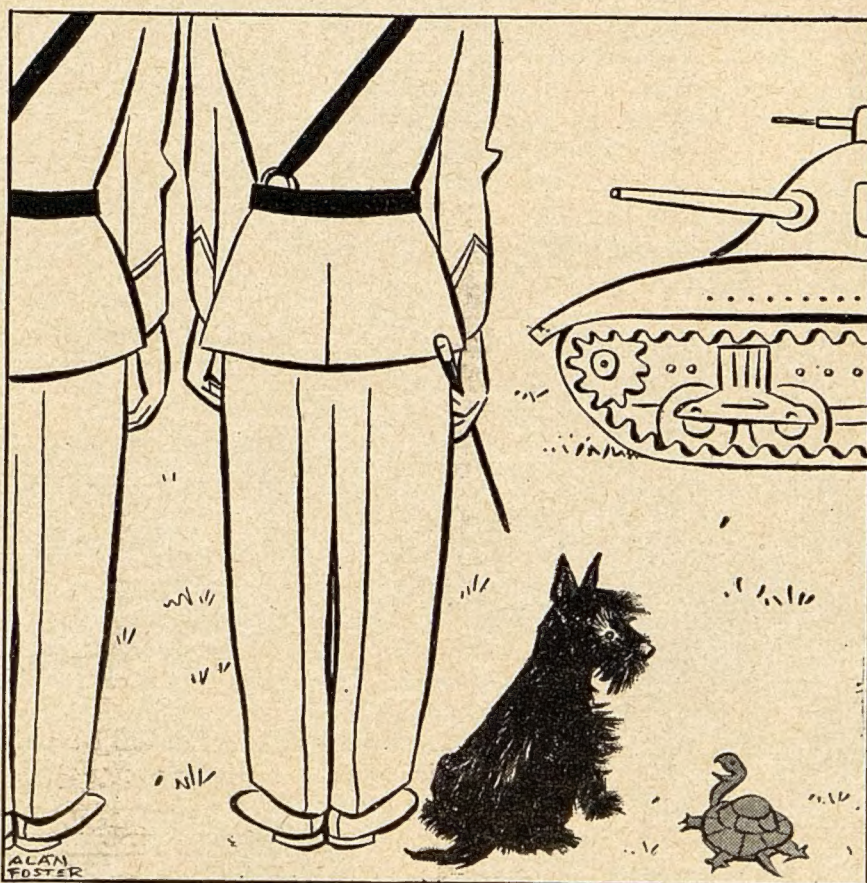
THE FIRST HINT OF TROUBLE CAME

when Cunningham suddenly realized he had seen his intended but once in his life and couldn't remember what she looked like. They didn't find each other, and both were furious. But there was a telephone reconciliation and they were quickly married. . . . Well, the Boston Post got a tip on the story and sent cub reporter Hynd, aged seventeen, to get it. He found Cunningham, but all he could get at first was some talk about the sacredness of marriage and "Tell that in print? It just isn't done, old fellow." "I suppose so," said Hynd, "but it's tough to come back from your first assignment with empty hands." "Is that on the level?" asked Bill. "Your first assignment? Well, look, kid. Here's the way it goes . . ."

So the story, by Alan Hynd, made the first pages of various papers and everybody concerned lived happily ever after. And here, all these months that Bill Cunningham has been with us, nobody ever told us before that there was a fiction plot in his marriage. Shucks!

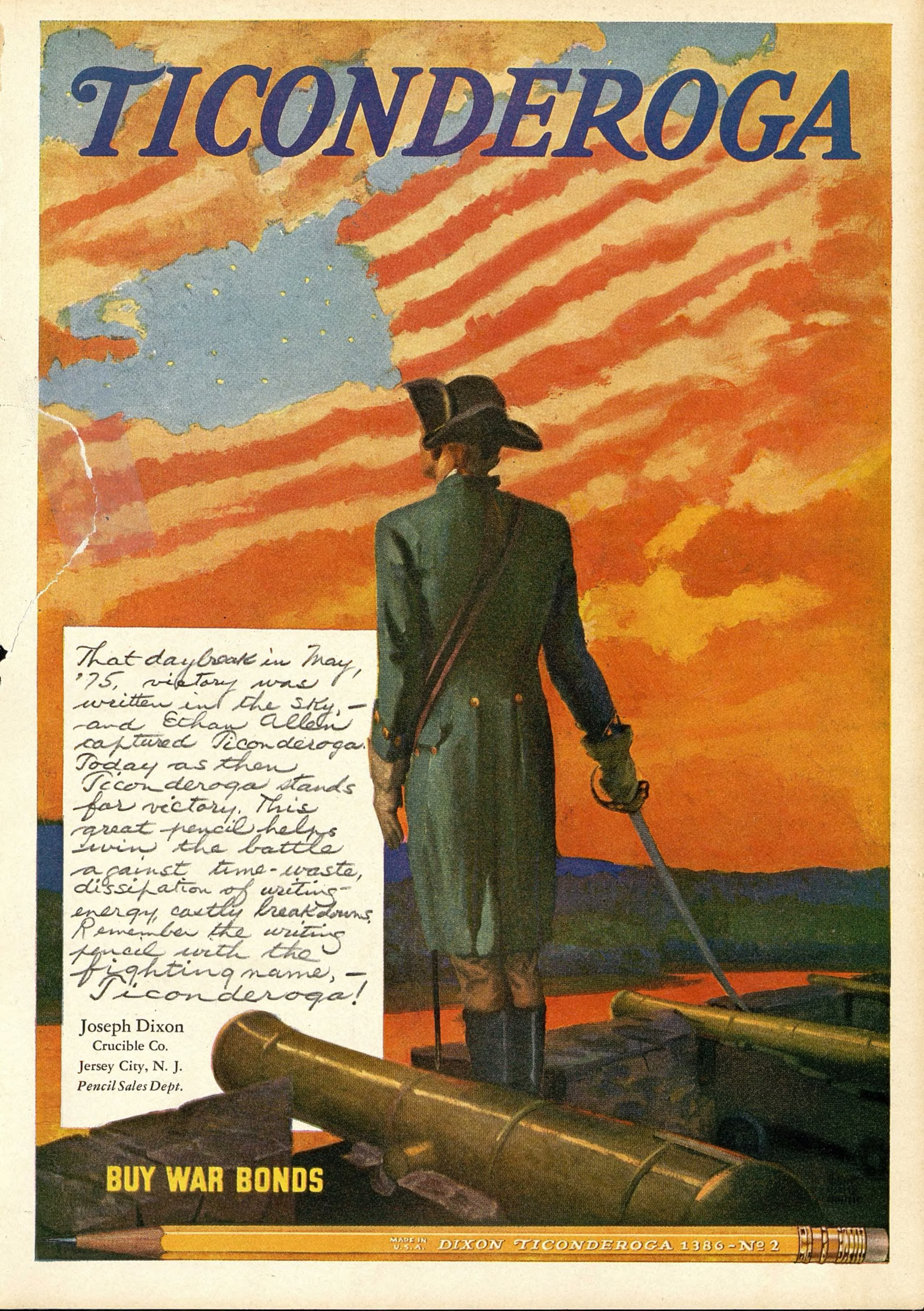
The Editors

FALA



"My ancestors invented the tank!"

TICONDEROGA



*That daybreak in May,
'75, victory was
written in the sky, -
and Ethan Allen
captured Ticonderoga.
Today as then
Ticonderoga stands
for victory. This
great pencil helps
win the battle
against time-waste,
dissipation of writing-
energy, costly breakdowns.
Remember the writing
pencil with the
fighting name, -
Ticonderoga!*

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Crucible Co.
Jersey City, N. J.
Pencil Sales Dept.

BUY WAR BONDS

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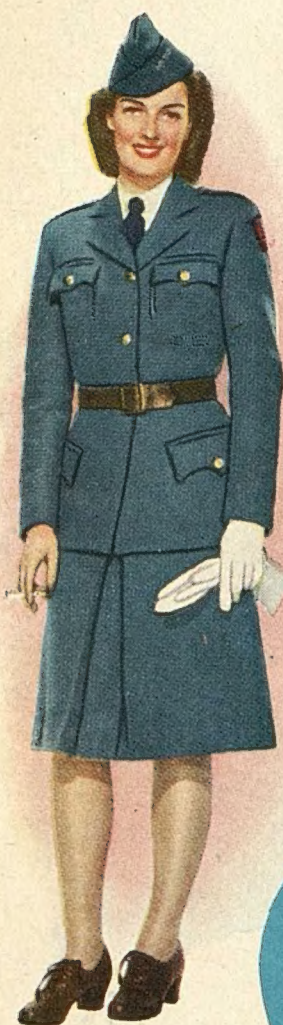
Women in the War



Motor Corps of the American Women's Voluntary Services: The young lady standing is dressed for duty behind the wheel. The seated driver wears her uniform for *under* a car. The Camels are an important part of the uniform. The favorite with men in uniform, Camels click with women in uniform, too.

The trim, alert drivers of the British-American Ambulance Corps look very smart in their blue-gray "R.A.F. style" uniforms. These girls can read a map like a field marshal, assemble a motor, do a man's work any day. Steady nerves are a must on a job like theirs. Notice how many of them smoke Camels. And remember, Camels are the favorite with the men in the armed forces.

Wherever you find the Services you find Camels



Steady Nerves ...that's the order of the hour not only with the *men* in all the armed services but in all the *women's* services, too.

Here is a member of The National Security Women's Corps. A recruit, having passed her courses, wears this smart uniform of slate blue with brown belt and overseas cap. Motor mechanics, rifle shooting, map reading, hospital aid are just a few of the courses studied.



This crisp, efficient-looking young lady is dressed for service as a Hospital Aide in the American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps. You see Camels everywhere in the women's services. "They're so mild. And they taste so good," women say. You hear that all over.

**For
Steady
Pleasure**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Camels

FIRST IN THE SERVICES
In the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard
the Favorite Cigarette is Camel

(BASED ON ACTUAL SALES RECORDS IN POST EXCHANGES, SALES COMMISSARIES, SHIP'S SERVICE STORES, SHIP'S STORES, AND CANTEENS)